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NOT WITHOUT WITNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, not without a witness has he left him,
Even in the humblest spot;
Love must be cold and faith be very dim,
If we behold him not.

The faintest blade of grass, the slightest flower,
To which the spring gives birth,
Tell of the Resurrection and the life—
The Ruler of the earth.

Not without witness while the Heavens above,
With all their starry host,
Talk night by night, of His enduring love,
His matchless wisdom boast.

From all the ages doth the martyr's voice,
Witness for Jesus' sake,
And on the rock, and in the flame rejoice
With Him to thus partake.

Oh may he place within this heart of mine
A witness of His love,
And on my forehead write the mystic sign
Which angels know above!

EMELINE CLARK.

THE UNKIND WORD.

A New Story

BY MISS MULOCH.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

(CONCLUDED.)

In Two Parts.—Part II.—(Continued.)
CHAPTER III.

When, on a fearfully wet and foggy night—the sort of night which, dreary anywhere, is unutterably dreary in Glasgow—the five forlorn travellers reached Jessie's home in Blythwood Square, they found that Mr. Raeburn had been five days absent from it—and, strange to say, that Maurice Wyvill had never made his appearance there at all!

After that first hour of unspeakable dread, ensued days and weeks of slow suspense and dull misery; lessened and relieved by accidental gleams of hope, for human nature can only endure a certain amount of pain, either temporarily throwing it off, or sinking under it entirely. For awhile the excitement kept them up somehow; the perpetual uncertainty, the inquiries started in all directions, with no lack of ingenuity—or money either, for Uncle Raeburn came out then, generously and freely to a limitless extent, as close-fisted Scotchmen, when once touched, continually do. And there was the sympathy of friends—may, even of common acquaintances, roused into friendship by the pitifulness of the story, which circulated far and wide, as such a mysterious and melancholy history was sure to do, rousing up to light a number of other stories, which people always hear of when something similar happens to themselves. Common the fact is not—thank Heaven!—in our civilized community, where "murder will out" however closely hid, and where any strange accident evokes universal publicity—yet many cases have happened, of individuals suddenly vanishing from the midst of friends and neighbors, with no likely reason for their disappearance, no clue to their possible fate; slipping out of the whirl of ordinary life as completely as if the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed them up—to be never heard of more.

Any who have undergone, or even come nigh unto such an agony, will acknowledge that to weep over the saddest death-bed, to sit beside the most untimely grave—to be smitten as by a thunderbolt with the tidings, mercifully made certain and sure, of some beloved one passing from the measurable distance of a foreign land into the immeasurable, yet, perchance, scarcely further distance of the land unseen—is actual happiness compared to the calamity which befell the Wyvills and Raeburns—including Mr. Wyvill and Mr. Raeburn, no longer at variance now.

The blow fell heavily upon each and all, but heaviest upon those who were expected to feel it least—Jessie and Richard. The former took it quietly at first—indeed throughout; Jessie was always quiet. But the color faded, slowly and entirely, out of her pretty soft cheek; her small figure grew thin and spare; she seemed within a few months—nay, a few weeks—to wither up into a little old maid, who might have been any age between twenty and forty. And so she remained—and remains still.

For poor Dick, after the first excitement was over, when weeks, months, slipped by, and still Maurice was never heard of, he sank into the depression of utter repentance—any rather remorse, which is repentance with no hope of atonement. The last "unkind word," which there was no unsetting now, and which perhaps had goaded Maurice on to that Glasgow journey in which, by some unknown means or other, he met his end, rested on the poor boy's memory with a morbid weight. He harped upon it continually; nothing ever seemed to take it out of his mind; he seemed to feel almost as if he, and none but he, had been the death of his brother.

As a matter of course, Richard now took the place of eldest and only son. There was now no rivalry possible either at home or abroad, no jealousy of Maurice's handsome face or pleasant manner,—the inexorable charm which made him, as is sure to be the case, more loved, because more lovable. All these things were for ever passed away, and Richard would have given worlds to have had them back again in all their bitterness, if he could but have had Maurice also back once more.

It is good sometimes to be absent—better still, perhaps, to be dead—as regards our own imperfectness, and our equally imperfect friends. How they rise up and praise us for virtues we never possessed, and benignly pardon us for sins we never committed! How tender over our memories grow those who, living, worried our lives out, and might do the same again if we were alive to-morrow. Ay, in spite of the poet's touching verse—more touching than time, perhaps—

"I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a time when all would grow smooth
And even,
If only the dead could find out when
To return and be forgiven."

But whether he were dead or not, there was no need to forgive poor Maurice. In his short life of twenty years he had done little harm, and in his mysterious and terrible fate, any trifling faults he had were totally obscured and obliterated. He who, had he not been so suddenly and awfully snatched from among them, might have kept his place as an ordinarily good elder brother—full of failings, doubtless, but well-liked on the whole—was now exalted into a family idol. The sisters, who used to snub and scold him—the selfish father, who had neglected, almost ignored him—the brother, who had quarrelled with him, almost hated him, and who could never get on without him—now mourned for Maurice with an anguish unrestrained, and worshipped him with a passionate love, the wilder and sadder that it came to late.

There never seemed to enter the family mind—what crossed strangers' minds, and mouths too, not seldom; only, with the curious tenderness that any deep tragedy awakens in even the worldliest part of "the world," nobody ever hinted it to the Wyvills themselves—that the lad might have been himself to blame in his disappearance. That, having fallen under some sudden temptation, he might have committed some ill deed, which made him dread to meet his father's face; or, with the mingled thoughtlessness and selfishness of his age, might have taken a fit of boyish adventurousness, and shipped himself off somewhere to America or Australia—just for fun.

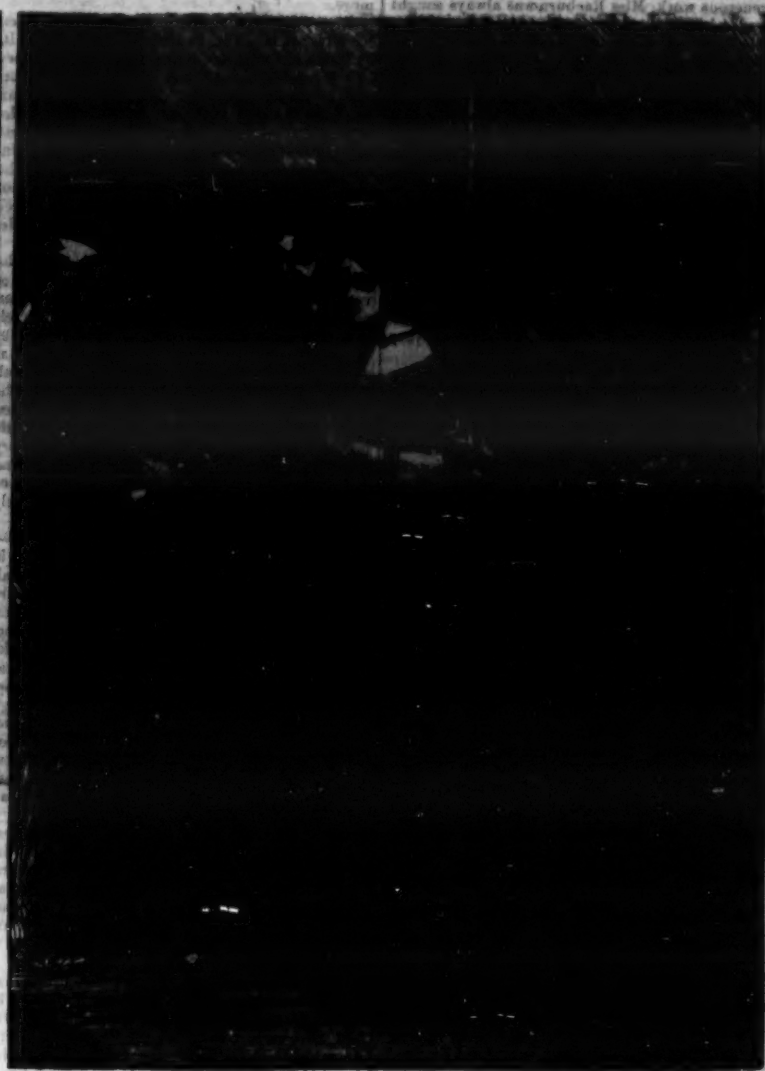
Of his being murdered there seemed far less probability, seeing he had little or no money about him. He had never appeared at the Glasgow Bank at all; and it was very unlikely any murder could have been committed, undiscovered, in that city, whither, with a fatal persistency, his family were convinced he had gone. They were the more settled in this belief by the additional evidence of the stoker of the Glasgow boat, who remembered—the captain remembered nothing—having that day spoken to a young gentleman, fair-haired and pleasant, who came and looked down into the engine-room, as with an agony of fond recollection, they knew Maurice, who had a turn for machinery, was particularly fond of doing.

So, in all their searching, they never searched, or only very superficially, the mountains round the cottage, or the spot on the hill-road where Diarmid Beg had encountered the lad—of which encounter the fisherman now spoke very charily, believing it to be the youth's fetch and "no himself aye." And when, in the midst of winter—which fell very early that year—the tidings came, slowly as tidings always do come to these remote highland regions, that the poor young Englishman had never been seen more, Diarmid and his neighbors, slow to take in new ideas, and equally slow to put them together, merely shook their heads with "Eh, but it's awful!"—"The bonnie lad!" but made no inquiries of any kind.

So, in a little while more, the mountains wrapped themselves in their grand familiar winter snows, and the storms swept over the little lone cottage on the shore, where the family of the Wyvills had spent that merry month. And at last, when hope was dying, almost dead in their hearts—though the girls still resolutely refused to put on mourning—they left Scotland, and all went home together to Wyvill Court, without Maurice.

The strange story of the poor lost lad was talked of all that winter at Glasgow dinner-parties; and Jessie Raeburn was pointed at in church or in the street—she never went anywhere else—by "Yon's his cousin—his sweet-heart, some say."

But whether she was or was not Maurice's "sweetheart," Jessie never betrayed, and nobody knew. She lived her ordinary life, faithfully doing its duties: attending to her uncle, and keeping his large splendid house in order, neither sinking into bodily illness nor mental depression. Only people noticed, the few people whose society she shared—that the hall-bell never rang, the parlor-door never opened, the handful of post-letters never arrived, without Jessie Raeburn turning with a start and a slight tremble of expectation—as if even yet, though



THE TIN CASE.

weeks grew into months, and months into years, she had not given up all hope, but was patiently waiting on for him who never came.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

Wyvill Court lay on the western side of one of the most beautiful of the beautiful Yorkshire dales. It was a comparatively small estate, and the mansion was likewise small; built of the grey stone of the district, plain and old-fashioned within and without. For the Wyvills had been one of those ancient impoverished Roman Catholic families which are still found, here and there, in the wilds of the north country; poor and proud; clinging tenaciously to their ancestral faith, until the last owner, in giving up Catholicism, had sunk into that pitiful moral and mental condition only too common in the beginning of the present century, satirically called "Nothingarianism."

But he was dead now, the grim, eccentric, selfish old man, who had broken his wife's heart, and never won, in the smallest degree, the hearts of his children. Yet, strange as it may appear, he never seemed to recover the blow to his pride—it could hardly be his affection—given by the disappearance or death, whichever people chose to call it, of his eldest son.

For Maurice Wyvill never came home. From that fatal 30th of September, when he was seen by Diarmid McDermid, hurrying down to meet the Glasgow boat, no light had been thrown on his mysterious fate. He was searched for everywhere: advertised for periodically in England, Scotland, and even the colonies; rewards large enough to have tempted any man, not his actual murderer, were offered for any clue to him, living or dead, but all in vain.

When, after a lapse of four years, the father died, many difficulties arose. Wyvill Court was strictly entailed, and until clear evidence could be obtained of the death of the eldest son, the younger could inherit nothing. It was only by some ingenious legal arrangements, made to suit the emergencies of this novel and most painful case, and in the hope that Maurice, should he ever reappear, would act with the generosity befitting his character when a boy, that Richard was installed temporary master at Wyvill Court, maintaining his three sisters there upon the small income that was available. For Mr. Wyvill, like many other selfish men, had complicated all troubles by dying intestate, and the girls were wholly dependent upon the heir. So poor Dick, heir and yet not heir, cramped on all hands by innumerable perplexities, could only live on sufferance at his ancestral home, unable to take legal possession of it himself, and, worst of all, unable to adorn it, as his forefathers had

always been eager to do, with a wife. For early marriages had long been the hereditary blessing, as the late marriage had been the misfortune, of the Wyvill family.

Whether Richard wanted to marry or not, he never betrayed. Since his brother's loss, his natural reserve had grown to an almost morbid extent. He attempted no profession: perhaps he had the sense to feel he was not clever enough to succeed therein, and trade was impossible to a Wyvill. So both during his father's lifetime and afterwards, he "lived about" at home, shooting, fishing, or dabbling in agriculture, to which, if he had any bias at all, his taste inclined: he was a born country gentleman.

Almost his only absences from home were periodical visits, at long intervals, to Glasgow; but he never asked his sisters to accompany him, and was as incommunicative about his uncle and cousin, with whom he was supposed to stay, as he was about most other things. He was not a pleasant young man, and there seemed some curious twist in his nature, growing more perceptible every year, which made his sisters, while they respected him sincerely, find it difficult to love him. At least, with that warmth of love which they had felt, or now believed they had, towards his elder brother.

A chapter since I said, and not untruly, that it is good sometimes to be absent—better still to be dead. That is, for the absent and the dead; but also, in a mysterious secondary sense, for the survivors. Many a man's death earns for him far more love, and exercises a far wider influence for good, than his life might have done. Ever since Maurice's death they still refused to call it, but his departure, the memory of him, and the anguish of his loss, had brought into his family a warmer, kinder, softer atmosphere: more patience, more forbearance; more clinging together, as if they felt the slenderness of the links that bound them to one another, and walked always in the solemn shadow of that death which overhangs all mortal life; though, alas! we are so prone to forget it; so prone to live as though we were never to die.

The girls had been good girls to their old father until his death: they had nothing to reproach themselves with on that score; and when Jessie Raeburn had to follow their example, and devote herself exclusively and engrossingly to her old uncle, they did not reproach her, even though it prevented what, in the absence of all intimate female friends, they would very well have liked—visits to her at Glasgow, or her visits to them at Wyvill Court. There was scarcely an obvious reason for the fact—yet a fact it was,—that ever since that Highland journey with its terrible ending, Jessie and her cousins (excepting Richard) had never once met:—

and how little Jessie was like Maurice of Blythwood Square and Wetherburn; but to Uncle Raeburn's unobscured words, which by some accident which no one either seemed to much wonder at, he had left to her, and her alone.

Her cousins, though they might have been a little disappointed, since they stood in exactly the same relationship to him, highly speaking, as herself, behaved very well. The Wyvills accepted his position, and was too proud to feel or to express envy, or to shrink from Jessie because she was rich and independent. They, poor girls, had scarcely wherewithal to clothe themselves, or to keep up anything like the decent dignity expected from the Miss Wyvills of Wyvill Court; still less, to suppose that any one in their own rank of life would marry them—though Emma and Jane were both handsome girls; but young men of this day have sometimes an eye to money, even in primitive Yorkshire dales.

At last, a poor young parson came, who loved Emma, poor as she was also; and then the high spirits of Richard Wyvill, ay, and of Agnes too—the unselfish and motherly Agnes—withered under new relations. No settlements could be made; for who was to make them? So closely was the estate tied up—waiting the possible re-appearance of the heir, (or his heirs; for who knew but that some son of Maurice's might one day make claim to the property?)—that it was with difficulty enough money could be got at to ensure a decent marriage outfit to the daughter of the Wyvills of Wyvill Court. Emma could hardly have been married at all, had not Jessie Raeburn stepped forward and claimed her usual right liberally to portion the bride; doing so so sweetly, so delicately, that even Richard had not the heart to stand in the way. Possibly his own heart felt how cruel the position was, and responded to the earnest manner in which Jessie put the matter in her letter, which enclosed a cheque for several hundred pounds, addressed to Emma, in an envelope containing merely the well-known lines from Burns:—

"Oh, why should Fate sue pleasure have
Life's dearest lands untwining?
Or why see sweet a flower as Love
Depend on Fortune's shining?"

It was on the occasion of this marriage that, after long years, Jessie revisited Wyvill Court. Spring was creeping gently over the bleak Yorkshire dale, and, in spite of the wild equinoctial winds, primroses were peeping out round the roots of the old oaks, and forget-me-nots blossoming in hundreds by the river—the bright, daring, rapid river, whose course could be tracked along the dale for miles and miles—when Jessie came, a woman of seven-and-twenty, to the house where she had last been as a mere child, patronized by the girls, and dominated over by the two boys. And with that uncomfortable sense of expectation with which people who know themselves changed, and expect equal change in others, prepare for a meeting long delayed, desiring it, and yet wishing it over—did Agnes, Emma, and Jane Wyvill stand watching for the carriage in which their brother was bringing Jessie Raeburn to the old familiar place. It was visible at last, crawling up the steep road; and then a little figure, all in black, alighted, and toiled, Richard following though not assisting, up the weary half mile; but still the sisters were too nervous to do anything but quietly wait.

"I wonder if she is altered?"
"Dick says, not much," observed Emma. "Dick likes her very much, I am sure; he always did. So did dear Maurice."
"Ah! yes, and she was very fond of Maurice,"
"I wonder," remarked Emma again, with an acuteness doubtless born of her own happy lot, "whether Richard would like to marry Jessie. It has struck me so sometimes."

"Don't speak of such a thing," said Agnes angrily. "Agnes, in whom the sore circumstances of the family had sharpened and exaggerated a strong inbred pride. "What, she with all her money, and he with not a penny! He could not do it. If you ever hint at such folly, I shall wish we had never asked her here."
"I shouldn't call it folly, if he loved her, and she loved him," cried Emma, spurred on to honest warmth by the thought of her own faithful and honest partner. "But, anyhow, I'll hold my tongue."

And then the traveller came close in sight, and the three ran out to meet her—the same Jessie who had kept house with them in that merry Highland cottage—wandered with them over mountain and moor—shared with them in that terrible home-coming, and in the weeks of agonized search for him who was never found; Jessie, so little changed that at sight of her face the old time came over them like a flood, and they all wept together—those three almost middle-aged women, as if they had been girls still, and all had happened but yesterday.

However, such emotion could not be very lasting; and after a few hours they put aside the unutterable past, and settled down into their present selves. Soon, pleasant daily interests seemed to obliterate those so painful to dwell on. Emma was married—gayly, grandly; and after that, for a week or two longer, Jessie stayed on—she seeming happy with them, and they trying their best to make agreeable to her the old-fashioned dreariness of Wyvill Court. Still, in some things it was a trying visit. When people have been parted for six years—moving in total

WORDS.

BY T. G. HOLLAND.

The wide open air his two beautiful words,
The tender look which his one refrain;
And steadily, over and over again,
The same song swells from a hundred birds.

Buttress, pillar, blackbird, and jay,
Thrasher and woodpecker, cuckoo and wren,
Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then
It has nothing further to sing or say.

Into that word, or that sweet little phrase,
All there more joy in its life than in mine;
And here and there, or here and there,
It breathes its burden of joy and pain.

A little child sits in his father's door,
Chattering and singing with careless tongue;
A thousand words are on his lips,
And he holds a thousand more.

Words measure power; and they measure time;
Greater art there in their childish years
Than all the birds of a hundred species;
They are better only, but then art divine.

Words measure destiny. Power to declare
Infinite ranges of passion and thought
Falls with the infinite only its lot—
Is of eternity only the heir.

Words measure life, and they measure its joy;
There hast more joy in their childish years
Than the birds of a hundred species,
For—sing with the beautiful birds, my boy!

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

Author of "Vernon's Pride," "The Shadow of Ash-
lydown," "The Tropic of the North,"
"The Mystery," etc., etc.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1900,
by Oswald Cray, in the Clerk's Office of the
District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

PART XXX.

WORK FOR THE FUTURE.

The clocks were striking four when Sara Davenal was walking through the streets of Hallingham on her return. She stepped along rapidly, her eyes fixed on the ground, and was not startled by the greetings or condolences of the poor market-woman, Mrs. Hurdley. The woman, her face broken by sorrow, flung up her hands before Sara could speak.

"To think that he should have been the first to go—before my poor boy, whose life, as may be said, he had been keeping in him! The one a dying for months past, the other a hale gentleman, as seemed to have health in him for a lifetime. Oh, miss! what will the sick do without him?"

"How is your son?" was all Sara's answer. "He has come nearly to his last, miss. Another week 'll see the end. When the news comes out to you that the good Dr. Davenal was gone, we couldn't believe it; and my boy, he says, 'Mother, it can't be; it can't never be.' And he set on and sobbed like a child."

In spite of her efforts, the tears overflowed Sara's eyes. To have it thus palpably before her was more than she could bear with equanimity.

"Papa is better off," was all she murmured. "Ah, he's better off; if ever a man had done his best in this world, mine, it was him. But who'll be found to take his place?"

With the full sense of the last question echoing in her ear, Sara continued her way. At the top of the lane contiguous to their residence was Roger, standing in disconsolate idleness. With the death of his master, Roger's occupation was gone.

Sara spoke a kind word to him in passing, and met Mr. Wheatley coming out at the gate, her father's close friend of many years. A surgeon once, but retired from the profession now. He it was who was named the sole executor to the doctor's will.

The will, which was causing surprise to the curious in Hallingham, had been made in the doctor's recent illness. It directed that all property he died possessed of should be sold, and the money realized be paid at once to his daughter. Everything was left to her. In the previous will, destroyed to make room for this, Edward Davenal's name had been associated with Mr. Wheatley's; in this Mr. Wheatley was left sole executor; in fact, Edward's name was not so much as mentioned in it.

"Have you been calling on my aunt, Mr. Wheatley?"

"No, my visit was to you," he answered. He was a bluff, plain-speaking man, tall and stout, with a red and white face, blooming as a Siberian crab, large fine blue eyes and white hair. Some people did not like Mr. Wheatley; he was too strong for them. But he was of inward sterling worth, honest as the day. "Neal said you were out, so I came away," he continued. "I'll go back in with you."

"I have been to see Dick and Len," she explained. "My aunt thought I ought not to go out so soon; that people might remark upon it. But I am glad I went, poor boys!"

"People remark upon it?" echoed Mr. Wheatley. "I should like to hear them. What is there to remark upon in that? Miss Sara, I have gone through life just doing the thing I pleased according to my own notions of right, without reference to what other folks might think, and I have found it answer. You do the same, and never fear."

She led the way into the dining-room, and closed the door. She understood he wished to speak with her. The fire was burning itself out in an empty room, Miss Davenal being upstairs. Ah, how changed the house was only in the short week or two! It would never more be alive with the tread of patients coming to consult Dr. Davenal; never more be cheered with his voice echoing through the corridors. The dwelling's occupation, like Roger's, had gone.

Mr. Wheatley sat down in the chair that had once been the doctor's, and Sara sat by her bedside, and took a seat near him. The fresh newspapers, unfolded, lay on the table as of yore; the whistling readers of them, the waiting sick, had ceased their visit for ever.

"Now, Miss Sara, I'll let you see the executor to this will, as you found out yesterday," he began. "It seems I am very much obliged to you. I think you were of great use with all your kind attention. Did you observe that clause?"

"Yes, very good. Besides that, in the very last

interview I held with my poor friend—it was the afternoon of the day he died, as you may remember—he enjoined the same thing upon me; no delay. There was a necessity, he said, for your being put in possession of the money as soon as possible."

Sara had no ready answer at hand. She believed there might be that necessity, but did not like to acknowledge it. She took off her bonnet, and laid it beside her on the table, as if at a loss for something to do.

"Now I don't want to inquire into reasons and motives," went on Mr. Wheatley. "I'd rather not inquire into them or how them; what your father did not see fit to tell me, I'd prefer that nobody else should tell me. I am sure of one thing: that he kept it from me either out of necessity or to spare me pain. That things had not gone very straight with him, he told me; and that, coupled with the curious will, leaving everything to you without the protection of trustees or else, does of course force me to see that there's something behind the scenes. But while I admit so much, I repeat that I do not speculate upon what it may be, even in my own mind, nor do I wish to do so. One question I must ask you—were you in your father's confidence?"

"Yes. At least, if not quite entirely, sufficiently so to carry out all his directions and wishes. But, indeed, I may say I was in his confidence," she added, with some hesitation. "He talked to me a great deal the night of his death."

"And you will be at no loss what to do with the money that shall be realized?"

"None."

"That's all straight then, and I know how to set to work. My dear, it was necessary that I should say so far, for it would not have been well for us to work at cross purposes, and I am sure you do not misunderstand me. There's something behind, which is no more your secret than it is mine; it was the doctor's; and we need not further allude to it. I'll carry out his will, and you'll carry out his wishes afterwards; he hinted to me that the money would have an ulterior destination. Any suggestion you may have to make to me, you will now do with more ease than if you had supposed I was under the impression that the money was only going to you. Don't you think it was better that I should speak?"

"Indeed it was, and I thank you."

"Well, now to business. As I understand it, there's a necessity, perhaps an imperative one—in fact, the doctor told me so—for immediate action. The first consideration then is, when shall you be prepared to leave the house? Measures will be taken to put it up for sale, and there's not the least doubt of its finding a ready purchaser, for it's one of the best houses in Hallingham, and in its best part. That will be easy. The next thing will be the sale of the effects. Of course the sooner you leave the house, the sooner it can be sold."

It quite wrung her heart to hear him speak of all this in the dry tone of a man of business. She did what she could to bring her mind to bear it equably. There was no help for it; and she had resolved, by the help of heaven, to go through all unflinchingly, heedless of the pain.

"It depends upon my aunt, Mr. Wheatley. So far as I go, I could be out in a few days; but she will have her home to fix upon. I had better speak to her."

"Very well. There's another plan I have been thinking of. That instead of having the things put up for auction—a ruinous mode, Miss Sara—we might find a purchaser for them in the new occupant of the house. The worst is, the house is almost sure to be snapped up by one or other of the doctors in the town, and they most of them possess their furniture already."

"Papa said, when he was dying, that he thought Mark Cray ought to leave the Abbey and come here."

"Mark Cray? Well, he has the most right to come here; he was your father's partner. I never thought of him. Of course he will, he'll not let it slip through his fingers. The mere taking this house would be a certain practice for any one. Mark Cray has his practice ready cut and dried to his hand, but he'll not let the house go by him."

"Mr. Cray has just furnished the Abbey."

"But perhaps he—however, it will be well that somebody should see him, and ascertain what his wishes may be. It is a pity but he had money; he might purchase the house. By the way, there's that Chancery money come or coming to his wife?"

Sara shook her head.

"That money is to be settled upon her. It was one of papa's last injunctions."

"Well, and how can that be better done than by buying freehold property, such as this? It will be the very thing for them, I should say. Let them buy this house and settle it upon her; it will be a capital investment. As to the furniture, if they don't care to buy that, it must be sold. Suppose you ask Miss Davenal when she shall be ready to vacate it; and, meanwhile, I'll see Mr. Cray."

He was a man of prompt action, this old friend of Dr. Davenal's, and he rose as he spoke, shook hands with Sara, and bustled out as hastily as even attentive Neal did not catch him up in time to close the half-door behind him. Sara supposed he was going then and there to Mark Cray's.

She took her bonnet in her hand and went slowly up the stairs. It was not a pleasant task, this question that she had to put to her aunt, and she was glad of the little delay of even turning first into her own room to take her things off after her journey. Since the reading of the will yesterday, Miss Davenal had been in one of her most chilling moods. She had asked an explanation of all this, what Dr. Davenal's secret was, and where the money had gone to. Sara could only evasively put her off; one of the charges enjoined on his daughter by the doctor had been—not to betray Edward to his aunt.

It was not that Dr. Davenal feared the loyalty and good faith of his sister; but he knew how bitterly she would judge Edward, and he was willing to spare blame even to his guilty son. It is possible, also, that he deemed the secret safest left to Sara alone. Whatever his motive, he had said to her: "I charge you, keep it from your aunt, Bettina," and Sara had accepted the charge, and meant to set upon it. But Dr. Davenal might never have left it had he foreseen the unpleasantness it entailed on Sara.

Very curious, very cross, very deaf was Bettina Davenal, as she sat in the drawing-room at her usual occupation, knitting. Her clinging mourning robes made her figure appear thinner and taller; and that, as you are aware, need not have been. She had seen from the window Sara come in, and she now thought she heard her foot fall on the stairs; and her neck was thrown

more upright than ever, and her lips were unusually compressed. It was this general disposition which had chiefly caused the objection she made to Sara's visiting the boys. Sara had gone, dreading her; at least, she looked upon it in that light. Was she about to defy her in all things?

She just looked up when Sara entered the room, and then dropped her eyelids again, never speaking. Sara stood near the window, her head shaded by the half-drawn blind.

"Well, I have been, aunt."

"Bettina?" granted Miss Bettina. "Not anywhere. Where do you suppose I have been? I know perfectly better than to be seen streaming about to-day."

Sara drew a chair to the little table on which lay her aunt's pearl basket of wool, and sat down close to her. Her pale, refined face was unusually severe, and Sara's heart seemed to faint at her task. Not at this one particular task before her, but at the heavy task altogether that her life had become. It was not by fainting, however, that she would get through it, neither was it the like of action she had carried out for herself.

"I observed that I had been to see the boys, Aunt Bettina. They both send their love to you."

"I dare say they do, especially that impudent Dick!"

"Mrs. Keas also desired to be remembered," continued Sara.

"You can send back my thanks for the honor," ironically spoke Miss Davenal. "The last time she was at Hallingham she passed our house without calling."

"She spoke of it to-day, Aunt Bettina. She nodded to you at the window, she said, and pointed towards the station; she wished you to understand that she was pressed for time."

Aunt Bettina made no answer. She was knitting vehemently. Apparently Sara was not getting on very well.

"Mr. Wheatley has been here, aunt."

"You need not tell me. He has been dogging in and out like a dog in a fair. Anybody but he might have respected the quiet of the house on the very day after his poor master had been taken from it. He came in and went out again, and then came in again—with you. As he had come, he might have been polite enough to ask for me. Neal said he wanted you. Early times, I think, to begin showing people you are the house's mistress!"

It was not a promising commencement. Sara could only apply herself to her task in all depressing mood.

"Aunt Bettina, he came to speak about the future. I dare say he thought you would not like to be intruded upon to-day, for he wished me to talk things over with you. He was asking when we—when we should be ready to vacate the house."

"To do what?" she repeated shrilly. But she heard very well. Sara was close to her and speaking in low clear tones.

"When we shall be ready to leave the house?"

"Had he not better turn us out of it to-day?" was the retort of the angry lady. "How dare he show this indecent haste?"

"Oh, aunt! You know it is only in accordance with papa's will that he has to do it. You heard it read. You read it to yourself afterwards."

"Yes, I did read it to myself afterwards: I could not believe that my brother Richard would have made such a will, and I chose to satisfy myself by reading it. Everything to be sold, indeed; as if we were so many bankrupts! Hold your tongue, Sara! Do you think I don't grieve for the loss of the best brother that ever stepped? But there are things that I don't understand."

"There's a necessity for the things being sold, Aunt Bettina."

"He told me so before he died: you need not repeat it to me. Where's the money to be paid to?"

"And therefore Mr. Wheatley is desirous that there should be no unnecessary delay," Sara continued, a faint color tinging her cheek at the consciousness of evading her aunt's question. "He does not ask us to go out at once, Aunt Bettina; he only wishes to know when we shall be ready to go out."

"Then tell him from me that I will be no hindrance," retorted Miss Bettina, her temper rising. "To-morrow—the next day—the day after—any day he pleases, now, or in a month to come. I can get a lodging at an hour's notice."

"Aunt, why are you so angry with me?"

The burst came from her in her pain and vexation. She could not feel feeling how unjust it was to cast this anger upon her; how little she had done to deserve it. Miss Bettina knitted on more fiercely, declining an answer.

"It is not my fault, aunt. If you knew—if you knew what I have to bear!"

"It is your fault, Sara Davenal. What I complain of is your fault. You are keeping this secret from me. I don't complain that they are going to sell the chairs and tables; Richard has willing it so, and there's no help for it; but I don't like to be kept in the dark as to the reason, or where the money is to go. Why don't you tell me?"

It was a painful position for Sara. She had always been dutiful and submissive to her aunt; far more so than her brothers or Caroline had been.

"Aunt Bettina, I cannot tell you. I wish I could."

"Do you mean to imply that you do not know it?"

"No, I don't mean that. I do know it. At least, I know it partially. Papa did not tell me quite all."

Miss Bettina's usually placid chest was heaving with indignation. "And why could he not tell me, instead of you? I think I am more fit to be the depositary of a disgraceful secret than you are, a child! And I expect it is a disgraceful one."

Ah, how disgraceful Sara knew only too well. She sat in silence, not daring to acknowledge it, not knowing what to answer.

"Once for all—will you confide to me that?" Sara believed, as it had come to this, that it would be better if she could confide it to her; but the injunction of Dr. Davenal was a bar, and she felt it her duty religiously to obey. In her deep love for her father, she would not cast the onus of refusal upon him, preferring to let it rest on herself.

"Believe me, aunt, I cannot tell you. I am very sorry; I wish I did not know it myself. It was papa's secret, and I must not tell it."

In the triching of her hands Miss Bettina continued to throw down the ball of wool. Sara picked it up, glad of the little interlude.

It did not serve her. Her aunt caught the ball from her hand and held her before her, fixing her cold light eyes upon her face.

"How dare you play with me? Give me a final answer, yes, or no. Will you tell this secret to me?"

"I must not, aunt. It is not my fault. You blame me for what I cannot help."

"You can help being obstinate. Will you or will you not?"

"Then—if I have no resource I must say I will not," was Sara's pained answer. "Aunt, I cannot help myself; you should not put it in that light."

Bettina Davenal looked her niece, and resumed her knitting, saying not another word. But the lips were drawn tightly inward, and the long white fingers trembled at their work.

A silence ensued. Sara could not feel that her aunt had a right to feel vexed at the want of confidence, at being kept aloof from the trouble and the secret as though she were a stranger.

She resumed in a tone of sweet deprecation. "Aunt Bettina, we could not have stayed on in this large house."

"Did I see you could?" asked Miss Bettina. "Not now, when all your money's gone in ducks and drakes?"

"Papa—papa could not help the money going," she reiterated, her heart swelling in the eager wish to defend him. "He could not help it, Aunt Bettina."

"I am not saying that he could. I am not casting reproach on him. It is not to be supposed but he has been able to help it that he would have let it go. How touchy you are!"

"Don't you think Mark and Caroline would like to come here, aunt? Mr. Wheatley suggested that they should be spoken to before the house is offered to others."

"There are a great many would like to come to it besides Mark Cray and Caroline," was the crusty answer of Miss Bettina. "They may not get the chance; the house is to be sold before it's let."

"But Mr. Wheatley thought that they might like to purchase it with some of this money that's coming to Caroline. He said it would be a good investment, that the house might be settled on her."

Miss Bettina, not at all a bad woman of business, was struck with the suggestion. She sat revolving it in silence, apparently only intent on her knitting. She supposed it could be so settled on Caroline, but she did not understand much of what the law might be.

"Mr. Wheatley thinks it would be so much better if these things could be taken to by whoever takes the house," proceeded Sara. "So as to avoid a public auction."

Now that was one of the sore points troubling Miss Davenal—the prospect of selling the things by public auction. She had a most inveterate hatred to any such step, looking upon all sales of furniture, no matter what the cause of sale, as a humiliation. Hence the motive which had induced her to warehouse her handsome furniture instead of selling it, when years ago she gave up housekeeping to take up her abode at Dr. Davenal's.

"Others knew that, before Mr. Wheatley," she said ungraciously. "A public auction in this house. I would not stop in the town to see it."

Miss Bettina began to debate questions in her mind. In her cold way she was fond of Caroline; that is, she deemed it her duty to be so; and she rapidly determined that Mark, and no other, should come into the doctor's house.

"Has old Wheatley spoken to Mark?" she asked.

"He said he would speak to him, aunt. I fancy he meant to speak to him at once to-day."

"You fancy! Can't you understand things better than that?"

"He went away very quickly. It struck me he was going to Mark's then."

"But you are not sure?"

"No, I am not sure."

Miss Davenal granted as she went on with her knitting. She herself always liked to be "sure"; so far as her deafness allowed her. Turning to glance at the fireplace, she crossed the room and opened the door. There stood Neal.

Neal at his eaves-dropping, of course. And the black robes of his mistress were so soft, her footfall so noiseless on the rich carpet, that Neal's ear for once failed him. But he was not one to allow himself to be caught. He had the coal-box in his hand, and was apparently stooping to pick up a bit of coal that had fallen on the ground. Miss Davenal would as soon have suspected herself capable of listening at doors, as that estimable servant, Neal.

"Let the dinner be on the table to the moment, Neal," were her orders. "And I shall want you to attend me abroad afterwards."

"Are you going out, Aunt Bettina?" Sara ventured to inquire.

"Yes, I am," was the sharp answer. "But not until the shades of night shall be upon the streets."

Sara understood the covert reproach. Her aunt's manners towards her had settled into a cold, chilling reserve. Sara wondered if they would ever thaw again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WILBERFORCE.

Mr. Wilberforce was an occasional attendant on my ministry at Kensington. He used to send for me to his house, to consult with me on particular subjects. I found him a most fit and little man, doing several things at once; stooping down on his knees to seal a letter at the table, and talking all the while about household affairs to Mrs. Wilberforce; sending out messages to the persons waiting in the hall; then apologizing to me, and requesting me to remind him of what he had sent to me for. I wondered how he could get through the various concerns intrusted to him with the ability and success which distinguished him. I did not trouble him much, as I always hated dangle on the great. I once ventured to request him to appear before our committee, to encourage others.

"Gladly would I," said he, "for my own sake; but I should lose caste with the church, which is my sphere of usefulness," as if the name of Methodist had not been universally applied to him. Yet he was a most generous man, and gave me one hundred pounds at once in a case of benevolence, and wrote letters to others, including one to Henry Drummond. He concealed many such acts from Mrs. Wilberforce. Once I applied to him to obtain a government situation for a deserving young man, when he replied solemnly and emphatically: "I never yet asked a favor from any ministry, being determined to keep myself free."—*Leitchfield's Autobiography.*

In Paris, lately, a little girl six years of age was found dead in her bed, poisoned by the carbolic acid gas emitted from flowers (May lilies) which had been placed on a table in a small chamber in which the victim slept.

Fragrances.

Inquiring into formerly unaccountable took its rise from a general custom of the ancients of salvering their nostrils. It subsisted a long time among the Greeks and Romans; and being by them adopted by the Christians, it was not till after a succession of ages that it was exploded by the Romans; it consisted in actually opening some celebrated poet, and among the Christians, the Scriptures; and drawing from the first passage which presented itself to the eye, a prognostic of what would befall the person who thus made the experiment, or as a guidance under some particular exigency.

The practice, about the third century, ceased in among the Christians of usually opening their sacred books for directions under important circumstances; to know the consequence of events, and what they had to fear from their rulers.

This consultation of the divine will from the Scriptures was of two kinds: the first consisted, as before said, in usually opening these writings; but not before the guidance of heaven had been explored, with prayer, fasting, and other acts of religion. The second was much more simple: the first words of the Scriptures, which were singing, or reading, at the very instant when the person who came to know the disposition of heaven entered the church, being considered as a prognostic. St. Austin, in his epistle to Januarius, condemns the practice; but St. Gregory of Tours, by the following instance, which he relates as having happened to himself, shows that he entertained a better opinion of it:

"Leodegastus, Earl of Tours," says St. Gregory, "who was bent upon ruining me with Queen Fredegunde, coming to Tours, big with evil designs against me, I withdrew to my oratory under a deep concern, where I took the Psalms to try if, at opening them, they might light upon some consoling verse. My heart revived within me when I cast my eyes on this of the 77th Psalm: 'He caused them to go with confidence, while the sea swallowed up their enemies.' Accordingly, the count spoke not a word to my prejudice; and, leaving Tours that very day, the boat in which he was sunk in a storm, but his skill in swimming saved him."

The following is also from the same author: "Chromastus having revolted against Clotaire, his brother, and being at Dijon, the ecclesiastic of the place, in order to foreknow the success of the procedure, consulted the sacred books; but instead of the Psalms, they made use of St. Paul's Epistle and the Prophet Isaiah. Opening the latter, they read these words: 'I will pluck up the fence of my vineyard, and it shall be destroyed; because, instead of good it has brought forth bad grapes.' The Epistles agreeing with the prophecy, it was concluded to be a sure presage of the tragical end of Chromastus."

St. Consortia, in her youth, was passionately courted by a young man of a very powerful family, though she had formed the intention of taking the veil. Knowing that a refusal would expose her parents to many inconveniences, she desired a week's time to determine her choice. At the expiration of this time, which she had employed in devout exercises, her lover accompanied by the most distinguished matrons of the city, came to know her answer.

"I can neither accept of you nor refuse you," said she; "everything is in the hand of God; but if you will agree to it, let us go to the church, and have a mass said; afterwards let us lay the Holy Gospel on the altar, and say a joint prayer; then we will open the book, to be certainly informed of the divine will in this affair."

This proposal could not certainly be refused; and the first verse which met the eye of both was the following:

"Whoever loveth his father or his mother better than me is not worthy of me."

Upon this Consortia said: "You see that God claims me as his own." The lover acquiesced.

About the eighth century this practice began to lose ground. It was proscribed by several Popes and councils, and in terms which rank it among Pagan superstitions. However, some traces of this custom are found for several ages after, both in the Greek and the Latin church. On the consecration of a Bishop, after laying the Bible upon his head, a ceremony still subsisted, that the first verse which presented itself was accounted an omen of his future behavior, and of the good and evil which was reserved for him in the course of his Episcopacy. Thus a Bishop of Rochester, at his consecration by Lafrance, Archbishop of Canterbury, had a very happy passage in these words:

"Bring hither the best robe, and put it on him."

But the answer of the Scripture at the consecration of St. Leibert, Bishop of Cambray, was still more grateful:

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The death of Albert, Bishop of Liege, is said to have been intimated to him by these words, which the Archbishop who consecrated him found at the opening of the New Testament:

"And the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought, and he went and beheaded him in the prison."

On this the primate, tenderly embracing the new Bishop, said to him with tears:

"My son, having given yourself up to the service of God, carry yourself righteously and devoutly, and prepare yourself for the great trial of martyrdom."

The Bishop was afterwards murdered by the treacherous connivance of the Emperor, Henry VI.

These prognostics were alleged on the most important occasions. De Garlande, Bishop of Orleans, became so odious to the clergy, that they sent a complaint against him to Pope Alexander III., concluding in this manner:

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LONG AGO.

When at eve I sit alone,
Thinking of the past and gone—
When the dew, with dewy fingers,
Moans her long, the silver fingers,
And the golden daisy beams,
Full of life to dust returning,
Then my lonely heart aches,
With a yearning, mournful sigh,
With a yearning soft and low,
O'er the ghosts of long ago.

One by one I count them o'er,
Voices that are heard no more,
Tears that have long since been wet,
Words whose music lingers yet,
Holly haws, pale and fair,
Shady looks of waving hair,
Happy sighs and whispering dear,
Songs forgotten many a year,
Lips of dewy fragrance, eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies,
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadow glides
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long, untroubled day
All forgotten fades away.

Thus when I am all alone,
Dreaming of the Past and Gone,
All around me, and all o'er,
Come the ghosts of long ago.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE THE BALL.

"Cards out for a ball at Beecroft, eh? Gay doings! Well, we'll go—yes, well go," said the Squire of Stoke. Now, this was no trifling concession on the part of the speaker: first, because Mr. Mainwaring hated balls; and, secondly, because, up to a very recent period, he had cared very little for cultivating any intercourse with the Darcies. When the new owners of Beecroft came to live in their recently purchased hall, none of the old county families had been more ready to welcome them than the Mainwarings. But oil and water will not mingle, nor will nature radically dissimilar, and tastes always at variance, unite in friendly intimacy. Mr. Darcy and Mr. Mainwaring could not "get on" with one another in conversation. They differed in habits, principles, modes of thought, and could no more understand each other than a Samoyed can pity an Arab's drought and scorched skin. Then, too, Mrs. Mainwaring, inclined at first to be very pitiful and tender with the motherless girl, who was the nearest neighbor of their own rank, had gradually grown to dislike the calm, cold Aurelia. The Mainwaring girls were all in the nursery or schoolroom, except Lucy, and Lucy had wished very much to be Aurelia's friend; but some instinct, analogous to that which was inspired by Dr. Fell, had warned her back. There was little cordiality between the families.

So much for the previous state of feeling of Stoke Park towards Beecroft Hall. But Aurelia's untimely kindness towards the day which witnessed the outbreak of the Ely's accident, had wrought wonders in modifying the opinions of that young damsel's parents and elder sister towards their neighbor. Kitty was well and saucy, all but the sprained thumb that gave her some pain yet, and the scar, half healed, on her temple. But the image of his favorite daughter, pale, dishevelled, and stained with mud and blood, lying on the patchwork counterpane of the smith's bed, was often before the Squire's eyes. And along with it rose that other image of Aurelia, with her candid smile and sweet cheery voice, as she came to tell him that her carriage had been fetched for Kate's benefit.

So it came about that not only Mrs. Mainwaring, who was naturally glad that her daughter should appear at any available ball; but the Squire himself, who generally had to be impressed and cajoled into the *petit fort de dore* of escort duty to race balls, hunt balls, and county assemblies, was willing and almost eager to pay their somewhat neglected acquaintances the compliment of an early acceptance of their invitation. Kitty, who had been more spoiled than ever since her tumble, and who still exerted an invalid's privilege of finding fault, rallied at the cruelty of fortune in not having antedated her birthday a few years, that she too might have been present at the Beecroft entertainment.

"I should have worn orange-colored tulle over satin, I think, because yellow suits dark people so well. I always mean to wear yellow at evening parties when I come out, or else dark blue. I like light blue and pink best, but then they wouldn't suit me, I'm sure. Light blue is just the thing for you, Lucy, and so it would be for Miss Darcy, though she's not a bit like you. What do you mean to wear? White? Nothing but white? Well, I shouldn't like to go to a ball without a bit of color in my dress, though, to be sure, you'll look like a bride if you get you down a dress from the London milliner again, as he did last year, you remember; and how nice you looked, Lucy. Well, I shall see you dressed, and that's some comfort, though it is a shame."

Lucy had thoughts and hopes of her own, of which she said nothing. Thoughts half defined, but none the less sweet from their very vagueness. Timid little hopes, like half-fledged birds, that dared not venture beyond the nest. Such hopes and thoughts as might blamelessly be cherished by a good and gentle girl, in the fresh spring of her womanhood, when the world seemed opening out brighter and sunnier vistas, day by day. Lucy Mainwaring was not one of those severe persons who are perpetually cross-examining their own hearts and taking stock of their affections. She did not even to herself how very dear her cousin Hastings, Lord Lynn, had become to her during the pleasant months of their association. But she did admit to herself, blushing, that she should be glad to know with certainty that she cared much, very much indeed, about her.

One thing more. Lucy had an unwelcome, unrecognized idea that she was jealous of Aurelia. She tried to shut it out, she did what she could to banish it, but it came back, like remorse to a sinner's pillow. Jealousy is a mean passion for the most part, born of envy, and that envious self-love that grudges all admiration or devotion to others. But Lucy's pure mind was so very free from this base alloy that real jealousy, with its rankling torments and its envenomed atmosphere, could not take root there. What she called by that name was, in truth, a fear lest her bright cloud-castle of happiness, with its rainbow battlements, and towers

gay with the hues of hope, should be threatened by the hand of another. She did fear lest some one—and that some one Aurelia Darcy—should come between her and Hastings, and rob her of her chance of his love.

This fear bore down from a time, almost indeed when measured by the calendar, but recent when gauged by the higher standard of human feelings and mental progress. In the early summer, when the withered leaves that now fell, telling an every puff of wind, were green and young, Lord Lynn was a constant visitor at Stoke, and very much of his leisure was spent with Lucy, with whom, as a kinsman, he was from the first on a footing of all but brotherly familiarity. They had walked and ridden, and read poetry together, and the little great world of that section of the county had already settled, very much to Mrs. Grundy's satisfaction, that Lucy was engaged, or going to be engaged to her cousin, Lord Lynn, when Aurelia Darcy stepped in. Now, Lucy Mainwaring, it has been said, did not much like Aurelia. And the reason she did not like her was partly instinctive, partly because Lucy had been much disappointed in Aurelia. Disappointed, that is, in the sister friend that she had hoped to find, when first she came under the spell of Miss Darcy's bewitching manners. She had soon found out that Aurelia was hard and unsympathetic, and given to despise the petty round of small cares and duties, small kindnesses, little tributes towards a reign of peace and good-will upon earth, that made up so much of Lucy's daily life. Aurelia did not care much for the poor around her. She preferred to sketch a ruinous, and therefore picturesque cottage, to passing the squalid threshold to carry aid to the age-stricken dwellers there. She was indifferent, incredulous, sarcastic, where Lucy was all faith and pity. There could be no friendship between the two girls.

But when, one morning in the bright month of June, Miss Darcy came straight to the point, as was her way, paying an early visit to Stoke, and saying with earnest pleading tones—"Please, Lucy, will you help me to be good. I do so wish it; I have been thinking very seriously over what you said to me last winter. I have never lived among people who were kind and tender to the poor, and anxious for their welfare, as you and dear Mrs. Mainwaring are; and I do so wish to learn to be good, and to be of some use at least, if you will only teach me how."

Lucy remembered well how she had gone up crying, and put her arm round Aurelia's neck, and kissed her in an ecstasy of simple unselfish joy. She felt as if she had another sister given her in that hour, and indeed for some time the girls were very intimate and almost inseparable. Aurelia went everywhere with Lucy; to the school, where she carried a class with great meekness, to the cottages of the needy, to the bedside of the sick, and was liberal of smiles and kind words, liberal too of money and blankets, and part from the Beecroft house, and new clothes for the children of large struggling families, ragged in spite of endless darning. Indeed, Miss Darcy was by nature the reverse of niggardly; if she could have cleared off all the poverty and misery from the parish by drawing a cheque, even a very heavy one, she would have drawn it willingly. It was her idea that she grumbled, not her money. Indeed she had always been only too well supplied with ready cash, and she was not only her father's heiress, but Lady Maud's small fortune, a decent portion for the daughter of a poor earl, had been settled on Aurelia. It was here, and though she was not of age her trustees, knowing her father's wealth must come to her, and render economy needless, were indulgent trustees, and honored her drafts freely.

Aurelia did not grudge her money to the poor; she did grudge her time and trouble. Yet now, for the first time in her life, she seemed indefatigable in works of mercy. She would read chapter after chapter to the deafest and most cross of old women, bedridden through long years in miserable chambers; she was wonderfully patient with the children, who learned faster from her than from any other instructor, for she had the knack of imparting knowledge. A sort of soothing influence seemed to emanate from her presence in a house of woe; mourners were comforted, the sick were won over to think less grievously of their ailments, the needy of their wants, after a visit from Miss Darcy. She seldom came empty-handed; but the attachment which the poor felt for her was not cup-board-love. There were ladies in the parish who gave more, and at ten times the cost, to themselves in self-denial, but who evoked less gratitude than Aurelia, whose voice and smile had a magic quite beyond the reach of competitors. In all this good effect produced, there were but the signs of what follows from contact with a strong nature. You may meet with a hundred common-place spirits, and pass them indifferently by, but a strong nature will not be ignored. It demands our love or our hate, and is not content to conjure up mere negative sentiments. And as Aurelia's strength came veiled in smiles, and pleasant words, and gifts most royally given, the poor blessed her, and Lucy thought her a paragon of womanhood.

Only, somehow, when Lord Lynn, who very often looked in at the school, while the two young ladies were busy with their chubby-checked pupils—who very often strolled with them across the common to some outlying cottage, or waited for them on the foot-bridge that they must cross in coming back from the village—when Lord Lynn had formed a very high opinion of Aurelia's beauty, and talent, and goodness, and had begun to be a frequent visitor at Beecroft, Aurelia's fair staleness was less and less often visible at cottage doors. After all, as she said to Lucy, her duties were at home. Beecroft was in Holton parish, not in Beecroft parish, in which latter parochial division of Warwickshire lay Stoke Park. Miss Darcy was afraid that she had rather neglected her father's people; her own poor, in short. So her visits to Stoke and the Beecroft flock of destitute and ailing, dwindled away to the proverbial paucity of angels' visits, and her intimacy with Lucy died the death that nips most girlish friendships in the flower, if not in the bud.

It is doubtful if the poor of Holton were much the better for the kind resolution of their Squire's daughter, to devote her ministering offices entirely to them. But, at any rate, Lord Lynn, who had been a stranger to the Darcies when first the friendship between Lucy and Aurelia began, was very often at the Hall, though by no means so often as at Stoke, and the gossip of the county were divided in their predictions as to the future Baroness Lynn. Lucy was slow to think evil, but really the whole affair had an ugly look. It seemed, it did seem as though Aurelia's sudden resolve to be good, and her abrupt plunge into the character of a Lady

Dorset, were merely parts of a deliberate plan to win away Lucy's cousin, and Lucy's probable admirer, and that, when the prize was gained, the mask was dropped. Lucy never owned that she thought this; but she did think it, and Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring thought so too. But for Aurelia's kindness at the time when Kitty was with her cousin, most likely Stoke Park would have declined any invitation from Beecroft Hall.

That thoughtfulness of Aurelia's, coupled with such frank manifestation of any cause of offence or ill-will, as Miss Darcy's manner expressed, had softened the hearts of the Mainwarings, father, mother, and daughter, towards her. And Lucy, generous and glad to think well of even an estranged friend, began to think Aurelia might not have been to blame in that other matter of her cousin. Perhaps Lord Lynn only took pleasure in Aurelia's company because she was so clever and well-informed, being able to talk on subjects quite out of her, Lucy's depth; and perhaps Miss Darcy had never really tried to win him away from her, Lucy. Perhaps he was not to be won. He had never spoken a word of love; but the eyes have a language as well as the flowers, and a look; a tone, the pressure of a hand, may mean much. Lucy felt almost sure, very, very nearly sure, that Hastings, her dear cousin, loved her, and she looked forward coyly, but hopefully, to the time when he should breathe his love, and ask for her in return. He would do so at the ball perhaps, who could tell?

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE BALL.

"How very well Miss Darcy looks to-night—showy and splendid! quite the queen of the ball!" murmured Mrs. Bittles to the old Lady Midget, who played at whist on at her side, and who had come in charge of three daughters as tall and formidable as grandmothers. "Don't you think, though, that, in her own house, it would have been better taste to have been less magnificent in her costume?"

And yet, although the amiable speaker did confine, in social fashion, to the sting of censure to the honey of praise, the criticism was hardly a fair one. It was Aurelia who looked magnificent, not her costume. She was in plain white satin, without so much as bright-colored sash or flower, or scrap of ribbon, to relieve the whiteness. To be sure, she wore the diamonds that her grandfather, old Mr. Hanks, had in the joy of his heart presented to her mother, Lady Maud, as a wedding gift—very costly diamonds, and very brightly they flashed on the queenly head and the white neck and shapely white arms. But the beautiful rounded arms, so full, so firm, so smoothly polished, like Carrara marble, seemed rather to grace the diamonds than to borrow lustre from them.

The ball was a brilliant one, for Aurelia had for once received *carte blanche* to manage it as she pleased, and no outcry or toll had been spared. A famous ducal party, who in his day had decked out a thousand fairy palaces as ephemeral as the hour-dream on a window-pane, had come down from London to exercise his art at Beecroft. The result was a pretty profusion of rare exotic flowers and plants, turning the supper-room, in especial, into the combination of a nook of Indian jungle that had found its way to Warwickshire. A profusion, too, of dainty devices, wherein twisted lamps and glistening evergreens, and roses that June appeared to have lent to October, and trophies of glittering steel and gold, combined harmoniously. Besides these, there were fountains tinkling small music as their drops fell from the shining stones and shells of little grotesque, draped with green soft moss and feathery ferns, into the tiny pools where gold-fish swam unconcernedly. There were rich new hangings to the windows, an archway of greenery and colored lamps, through which the carriages drove up to the door, and lamps, and clusters of lamps, twinkling like glow-worms among the trees of the garden.

"How beautiful!" "How sweetly pretty!" "How fair-like!" These and other feminine ejaculations showed that the company could not repress their admiration, more or less conventionally expressed, for the result of their entertainer's forethought.

Aurelia had done it all. Even the magician whom she had summoned from his retreat in the vasty deep of London, and who was better used to display his skill in diabolical mansions and earls' castles than in the Hall of a country gentleman, was surprised by her taste. Some of his best effects were due to her; but she by no means claimed credit for the prettiness that she had invented, but left the *manoeuvre* from London the full merit of the designs. As for Mr. Darcy, he had exercised considerable self-control in refraining from meddling or cavilling throughout the whole preliminary process. He had not one original idea, except this, that he could set others right. But on this occasion, by special favor to his daughter, he abstained from correcting so much as a single mistake. He indemnified himself by a vow, that this his first ball given on English ground—Lady Maud had often entertained abroad—should also be his last; yet, positively the last. Men are true prophets sometimes that they wot of. George Cook Darcy is not likely again to figure as a ball-giver.

There was a numerous, and what the country paper called a "distinguished," company. The rank, wealth, and old descent of that portion of the county of Warwickshire were very well represented there; and this was the more satisfactory, because it had once been feared that the weak point of the assembly would prove to be the social standing of the guests. The Darcies were hardly recognized as yet among the magnates of the province. They were like some parvenue dynasty that had hardly obtained the precious notice of the *Abbe de Gisors*, and to whose chief the other august ones of Europe are shy of penning the words: "Monsieur, mon frere."

Indeed, though Warwick is not so proud as pedigree as Salop and Cheshire, the county people did not take kindly at first to George Darcy and his daughter. Aurelia's father had done nothing to ennoble his origin; he had shown no brains, no courage, no excellence in any walk of life. He was not even a M.P. He was not an active officer of the militia, or even a patron and promoter of the Volunteer movement, just then in its crowning infancy. Nobody could say that George Darcy was very good, or a scholar, or a sportsman, or even funny. He was merely a dull, peevish man, whose one achievement in the world's battle had been to marry a nobleman's daughter. Lady Maud might easily have scented the Darcies, had she lived; but she did not live; and the widower could only wish for the respect and intimacy of the great ones of the province, helplessly wish for these

things, but without effect, as a child might wish for the moon.

It was not until Aurelia had come back from a long visit paid to her aunt, Lady Harriet Ogle, in Ireland, that the position of the new-comers had, suddenly speaking, begun to improve. But though the prospect of seeing the propitiation of her neighbors was necessarily new, Aurelia triumphed gradually over their hostile resistance. Family after family gave in their obduracy, and yielded to Beecroft. In their sunny yellow de grem carriages, behind the Darcies to dinner, and accepted the hospitality of the son of honest Mr. Hanks. There was no harm in the Darcies, the good folks easily said; and of late the progress of Aurelia towards the summit of social success had been wonderfully accelerated; for it was removed that Aurelia was to marry Lord Lynn, and if so, it would never do to give Lady Lynn of Hollingsley Court reason to arrange slighted to Miss Darcy, so the ball was a full one; and the jolly cavalry officers, who had come all the way from their quarters at Coventry, had good cause to declare to one another that the party was a "stunning bag."

Aurelia played the part of hostess—always a difficult one for an unmarried girl—very well and tastefully. The most pure and censorious of the dowagers owned that her manners were very good; that she was quite well bred; and, crowning praise, that she was not the least like her father—poor man! Indeed, her self-possession and tact were worthy of much commendation.

But what would the old ladies who praised Aurelia have said had they seen her an hour before it was time to dress, glancing over a letter that the postman had mislaid, and which had come to hand late in the day—a letter dated from a place called Nine Elms Bridge, in Ireland, and signed Mary Kelly; a short letter, written in a weak feeble hand, and belabored by terms wrong both by agitation and nervousness more than by genuine grief, in which letter Mary Kelly announced that her husband, the "Doctor," was lying helplessly in the agonies of delirium tremens, and so was quite unable to comply with Miss Darcy's wish of hurrying over to England to obey her commands. It was a bad case, the practitioner who had been called in declared. The sick man's constitution was strong, but the effects of long intemperance were too powerful, and whiskey was soon likely to elude the career of Michael Kelly, M.D. The parish priest—Dr. Kelly's poor ill-treated wife, but his patient nurse now, wrote word to that effect to Aurelia—the parish priest was very desirous to come to the sufferer's bedside; but in his inbred moments, the dying man was obstinate in his assertion that his word was his bond, and better than any bond lawyers ever drew; and that without Miss Darcy's leave he would not confess, however tremendous, according to the faith of his church, the consequences of such obduracy might be.

With the contents of this letter freshly stamped upon her memory, with the ashes of the letter still lying, flimsy blackened tinder, on the hearthstone of her favorite Blue Room, and with a dark undercurrent of thought flowing through her mind, this girl of twenty did the honors of Beecroft with faultless composure. The chaperones praised her; the young ladies her contemporaries, envied her good looks, and blaze of jewels, and serene majesty, which last quality, however, they agreed to be better suited to a married woman than to a spinster. The men—those who danced—best her with requests for a waltz or a mazurka, or if a round dance were not still in the market, for a quadrille. To walk through a quadrille would not be such very slow work, the Coventry dragons thought, with such a partner as Aurelia. But neither dowager nor daimel, neither beaux nor portly old fathers of families, talking of turnips and omelets in the doorway, suspected how heavy was the secret that their fair hostess hid behind her mask of gracious smiles.

There was only, in popular estimation, one rival present, whose attractions were worthy to cope with those of Aurelia. This was Lucy Mainwaring. She was in white too, like Aurelia. But while Miss Darcy's style of dress, as befitting the wearer, was rich and massive in its character, and set off by gems, Lucy had no ornament but the spray of white Alpine heath in her glossy brown hair. She looked very lovely, however, with a cloud of delicate white crepe floating about her as she was whirled round in the dance by Lord Lynn, with her bright color, and pure beautiful complexion, and soft brown eyes. Many critics declared, that though Aurelia was certainly a superb creature, Lucy was really by far the prettier of the two, and a hundred times more the type of what an English girl should be. Those who piqued themselves on their insight into the feelings and conduct of their neighbors, were perplexed to see with what vexatious impartiality Lord Lynn, the most eligible of the unmarried men present, divided his attentions between his gentle cousin and the queenly mistress of the Hall. Such certainly seemed to be the case, though the result was different. It was impossible for even the most veteran gossip to affirm that Aurelia showed the slightest preference for Lord Lynn, or seemed flattered by his notice. She danced with him twice certainly, but then he was known to be intimate at Beecroft; and she smiled at what he said, just as impartially as at the compliments or remarks of the officers of Coventry, absolute strangers to her and the county.

Lucy, however, could not quite avoid betraying her innocent preference for her kinsman's society. Her eyes brightened when he spoke to her; her smile was never so happy, or her step so elastic, as when he was her partner; and she could not help the flush that mantled her face when first he came into the ball-room and her eyes met his. There were plenty of people to take note of all these things; there always are; and many tongues wagged to the same purport, that whether or no Lord Lynn was going to propose for his cousin, pretty Miss Mainwaring, it was clear that the young lady in question was over head and ears in love with him.

Supper was worthy of the ball. The force of Gunter—people still swore by Gunter in 1850—could no further go. The long tables were a blaze of gold and silver plate, gaudy tropical flowers, reared in hot-houses for the Coventry Garden market, trickling fountains of perfumed water, crystal, Bohemian glass, rare fruits, and things meant to be eaten, sipped, or looked at, according to their specialties. It was a capital supper; the popping of champagne corks and cracker bonbons made noise enough for a Volunteer review; there was a perpetual babble of voices and din of laughter mingling with the inevitable clatter which even silver-gilt forks will make on the most delicate porcelain plates; people enjoyed themselves very much; and the honest captains from Coventry, as they dipped

their wax-ended mustaches in creaming Champagne worthy, as an emperor's drinking, freely admitted that the "food was as good as the hay," then did Darcy did the thing well, and that the ball at Beecroft might vie with the most brilliant affairs registered in their military memories, even with that crowning festival which—"we" gave on entering York.

Dancing went on, more merrily than ever, after supper. The music rang out more wildly and gayly than before, and fifty couples were twirling at once to a lively waltz tune; then Aurelia, in answer to Lord Lynn's halting question, consented to have a dance of cotillions, and found that she had pardoned him the while in question. They danced in together very well, for Lord Lynn was a good dancer, and possibly said, and with much, that Aurelia's steady figure never looked to more nervous. Then they walked together, arm in arm, through the room, and kept the conversation, when a sudden light glided through the screen of lattice between them, and so on upon the broad stone terrace overlooking the gardens. It was a still, early night. The day had been one of those warm, breezy, brilliant days that in October sometimes suggest August; and everybody had said that the Darcies had been most fortunate in their weather. The air was warm, but it seemed gradually cool after the heat of the crowded rooms.

The groups of Warwickshire, among other drawing-room canons, had laid down the canon, that Lord Lynn was a flirt. They were quite wrong; the young owner of Hollingsley Court did not flirt. He was neither hard enough nor shallow enough to play the hackneyed part of woe, in butterfly style, from flower to flower, with the certainty of perishing, in butterflyish perils, when summer is done, unwept for and alone. The only two names which rumor coupled with his were those of Lucy, his cousin, and Aurelia; and whatever others might think, Lord Lynn felt sure that his affection for Lucy was of a brotherly character—yes, he was certain that it was so. Lucy was a very good, gentle, charming little thing, and to be in her company was very refreshing and agreeable. He said her much attention, because she was his friend and kinswoman; and it was a privilege to have such a friend—so affectionate, tender, and trusting. There had been a time, before Aurelia became so frequent a visitor at Stoke, when Lord Lynn had doubted whether he did not feel more warmly towards Lucy than was consistent with his theory of fraternal intercourse. She was very pretty, unselfish, rich in good qualities, and such a wife would have insured the happiness of his home. But—

But there was Aurelia. Hastings, Baron Lynn, if he was unable to resist the fascination which seemed to envelope Aurelia like an enchanted atmosphere, had not succumbed blindly. By some strange instinct, much as he admired Aurelia, he was conscious of the existence in her nature of certain elements foreign to those in his own. That she was profoundly artful, he did not suspect; that she was callous, indolent, and selfish, he did. And Aurelia had, if not an enemy, at least an opponent to whom she had never given more than a passing thought. Lord Lynn's mother, between whom and himself there had always been full confidence, wrote repeatedly to her son to express her regret that, if fate were to be believed, he was paying his addresses to Miss Darcy.

"I have nothing whatever to say against that young lady" (one of the dowager's recent letters ran thus). "Indeed, I have made it my business, for your sake, to inquire concerning her of such of our old Warwickshire friends as come this way, and I am bound to say that they one and all describe her conduct and character as irreproachable. I dare say she is well-principled, and would do no discredit to your choice. But, dearest Hastings, I have always longed and prayed that your wife might be one whom I could really love and cherish as my own dear daughter. Now, I have seen this Miss Darcy once, when she was much younger, and travelling in Italy with her father and poor Lady Maud, who brought her up very judiciously, I suspect. She was quite a child then, but a very remarkable child. She almost frightened me. She was not forward, or noisy, or sullen, as spoiled children often are; but there was something in those cold, gray eyes of hers—something pitiless—something that made me shudder. She had a very pretty smile and winning manner, and though she did not promise to be very handsome I hear she is a great beauty now, but growing girls disappoint all predictions—she was much liked, and not a little praised for her cleverness; but I know, Hastings, what I read in her face, young as it was—I dare say she conceals her thoughts better now than at fourteen—it was the expression of a merciless, iron will, unrestrained by conscience or sensibility; and I thought to myself, if that girl should live to be handsome and a rich heiress, as seemed likely, for her brother was always in bad health, I should pity her husband."

"But, Hastings, my dear, dear boy, I never dreamed that you would be that husband. I hope it is not so; I hope the report that has reached me, that you are always at Beecroft, and are on the point of proposing marriage to Miss Darcy, is false. Now, my son, do not mistake me; you are your own master, and even if you were not old enough, and wise enough, and clever and experienced enough, to judge for yourself in a matter that mainly concerns yourself, still it would be an ungrateful return for all your generous kindness to your sisters and myself, since you succeeded to your poor father's station and property, were I to attempt unduly to influence you in this matter. Should you think fit to marry Miss Darcy, I shall offer no remonstrance, further than by imploring you, my dear, to be sure that you quite, quite know your own mind and your own heart before you take a step so momentous to your life-long happiness. Remember, Hastings, there is no chain like welded misery. However, should you decide that Aurelia Darcy is worthy to be your wife, and should she plight her faith to you, (and I really have no accusation, beyond a vague antipathy, perhaps silly, to bring against her,) I will do my best to love her and to welcome her as your bride. I had hoped that your selection would rather have been Lucy Mainwaring, whom I saw with Augusta and the Squire, two years since, in Switzerland, and who really seemed the dearest girl." &c.

Now, Lord Lynn had a high opinion of his mother's keen-sightedness in the intricacies of feminine character, and a natural dislike, as an affectionate son, to vex his mother by a match against which she had evidently set her heart. At the same time he was growing every day more and more deeply in love with Aurelia; and he would not being one of those despicable dandies who waste half a life in the half-hearted pursuit of a prize they dare not grasp at, have

professed his love in plain words, weeks ago, but the one of those curious conflicts of sentiment that sometimes arise in a human breast. Strange to say, that very sympathy to Aurelia Darcy of which his mother spoke, he, too, had felt on first seeing her; he had crushed it down as a mortal folly, but the fact remained. As his eyes first rested on Miss Darcy, he had felt an involuntary shiver of repulsion, such as men feel on seeing some beautiful corpse, like and deadly, with gilded robes, brilliant eyes, and ravened fagg. This impression had been deadened and conquered by acquaintance with Aurelia, and by all her charms of mind and person. It had faded like the light of a candle, killed by the man's broad honest glare. He loved her. But the old dread and shuddering horror, dwarfed to the smallest dimensions consistent with existence, still lurked in a corner of his mind, and his mother's fond warnings made him uneasy. Lord Lyon was not one of those men who can here on, even when they know the beloved object to be sane and worthless. Such men there are, but happily they are few. He was of a different stamp; and yet there he stood beside Aurelia on the terrace, and he looked into her face, that fair, calm, candid-looking face, with the dimpling smiles about the mouth, and the gray inscrutable eyes that never smiled, and he believed in her, and his love was without alloy of doubt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A ROMAN PRINCE AT NABRIA'S VILLA.

Let us follow the Emperor, and pass invisible through the guards at the portal, and the crowd of Sicilian cooks, pantomimists, slaves, and dependents in the outer hall. Guided by the sound of music, let us penetrate to the convalescent himself. Here, on semicircular couches, recline the Emperor and his guests, their hair redolent of fragrant ointments, their fingers covered with rings, and their jewelled slippers lying beside them on the floor. Each man holds in his left hand a napkin with a gold and purple fringe. On the table stand small images of the gods. At the lower end of the room is an elevated stage, on which a party of buffoons are performing a comic interlude. The visitors play at dice between the courses. Now and then, through revolving compartments in the ceiling, flowers and perfumes are showered down upon the feasters, while slaves stand by, whose duty it is to fan away the flies and bring fresh towels and scented water to the guests after every dish.

"The feast begins to the sound of trumpets, and slaves carry round cups of Falernian wine flavored with honey. Then come oysters from the Lucrine lake, cray-fish from Misenum, mullets from the Baie, lampreys, and perhaps a sturgeon, which is weighed alive at table, allowed to expire before the eyes of the guests, and then carried off to the kitchen, presently to appear again, cooked with a rich sauce of wine and pickles. Then come dishes of nightingales, thrushes, roasted shrimps, African cockles, Median cranes, Ambracian kid, and a boar from the Umbrian forests, roasted whole and stuffed with beef and veal. This is carved by the *carpenter*, with pantomimic gestures, to the sound of music.

"Next some jars of rare Massic and Chian wines are opened, a libation is poured out to the gods, and the Emperor pledges his guests. Then enter four musicians playing on double flutes, followed by as many servants crowned with flowers. They bring the royal dish of the entertainment—a peacock with all its plumage displayed on a silver garlanded with roses. At this sight the guests burst into murmurs of applause, and salute the Emperor. The buffoons now retire, and a couple of gladiators make their appearance on the stage, armed with helmets, bucklers, greaves, and short-swords. The serious business of supper being now over, and the desert about to be brought on, the feasters have leisure to enjoy this more exciting amusement. Additional cushions are brought, spiced wines are handed round, the tables are cleared, fresh cloths are laid, the guests lean back; the Emperor gives the signal, and the gladiator begins the combat. Now patachito nuts, dates, Venafron olives, Matian apples, pears, grapes, dried figs, mushrooms, sweet cakes, preserves, and all kinds of delicate confectionery moulded into curious and graceful devices, are placed upon the table. Conversation becomes animated. A gladiator falls, mortally wounded; the spectators cry '*aufer!*' a fresh combatant replaces him, and the Emperor himself designs to bet upon the victor. Thus, amid bloodshed, dying, wine, and feasting, the hours pass by, and the entertainment draws to a close. Valuable presents are distributed to the guests. One gets a precious ring, one a robe of Syrian dye, another a sketch by Parthianus, another a bust of Hadrian in colored marble; and thus each takes his leave enriched and feasted, and pours a last libation to the health of the Emperor and the honor of the gods."

All is Enoch, and Enoch is All.

The sunlit mountain and the blue that hums
A flying joy about its flowery base,
Each from the same immediate fountain comes,
And both compose one evanescent race.

Proud man, exulting in his strength and thought,
The torpid colt he treads beneath his way,
One parent Art's skill alike has wrought,
And they are brothers in their fate to-day.

There is no difference in the texture fine
That's woven through organic rock and grass,
And that which thrills man's heart in every line,
And o'er its web God's weaving fingers pass.

Oriental Poetry.

INDEPENDENT CRITICISM.—A critical paper in New York, called the "Round Table," is the subject of the following note in Mr. Jarvis's recently published book, "The Art Idea."

"The eccentricities of criticism would make as entertaining a book as the 'Curiosities of Literature.' In the London *Flourish Quarterly* for October, 1863, there appeared an article of mine on the 'Artists of America,' which was noticed by the New York *Round Table* in not a flattering spirit. Shortly after, the article in the *Quarterly* was translated into German, and published in the *Dischurven*, of Berlin, which translation was translated back into the English for the *Round Table*, as a German criticism on 'Art and Artists in America,' containing some very interesting remarks on our leading men, etc."

THE first American flag ever raised in this country is on exhibition at the great Sanitary Fair in Philadelphia. It was first hoisted by Paul Jones, on board the frigate *Ben Holme* Richard, and afterwards transferred to the frigate *Alliance*.

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS

And Inventors.

(CONTINUED.)

Steam-locomotion, by sea and land, had long been dreamt of and attempted. Blaise de Gervais made his experiment in the harbor of Barcelona as early as 1645; Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Chalon in 1707; but it was not until Watt had solved the problem of the steam-engine that the idea of the steamboat could be developed in practice, which was done by Miller of Dairnoton in 1788. Reges and poets have frequently forecasted the invention of great social moment. Thus Dr. Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in his *Botanic Garden*, published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, might almost be regarded as prophetic—

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car."

Denis Papin first threw out the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and Gauthier, another Frenchman, in 1788, projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise by subterranean tubes, after the method recently patented and brought into operation by the London Pneumatic Despatch Company. The balloon was an ancient Italian invention, revived by Mongolfier long after the original had been forgotten. Even the reaping-machine is an old invention revived. Thus Barnabee Gooze, the translator of a book from the German entitled "The whole Arts and Trade of Husbandry," published in 1877, in the reign of Elizabeth, speaks of the reaping-machine as a worn-out invention,—"a thing which was wont to be used in France. The device was a low kind of cart with a couple of wheels, and the front armed with sharp sickles, which, forced by the beasts through the corn, did cut down at before it. This trick," says Gooze, might be used in level and champion country; but with us it would make but ill-favored work." The Thames Tunnel was thought an entirely new manifestation of engineering genius; but the tunnel under the Euphrates at ancient Babylon, and that under the wide mouth of the harbor at Marseilles (a much more difficult work), show that the ancients were beforehand with us in the art of tunnelling. Macadamized roads are as old as the Roman empire; and suspension-bridges, though comparatively new in Europe, have been known in China for centuries.

There is every reason to believe—indeed, it seems clear—that the Romans knew of gunpowder, though they only used it for purposes of fire-works; while the secret of the destructive Greek-fire has been lost altogether. When gunpowder came to be used for purposes of war, invention busied itself upon instruments of destruction. When recently examining the Museum of the Arsenal at Venice, we were surprised to find numerous weapons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries embodying the most recent English improvements in arms, such as revolving pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannons. The latter, embodying Sir William Armstrong's modern idea, though in a rude form, had been fished up from the bottom of the Adriatic, where the ship armed with them had been sunk hundreds of years ago. Even Perkins's steam-gun was an old invention revived by Leonardo da Vinci, and by him attributed to Archimedes. The Congreve-rocket is said to have an Eastern origin, Sir William Congreve having observed its destructive effects when employed by the forces under Tipoo Sahib in the Malabar war, on which he adopted and improved the missile, and brought out the invention as his own.

Coal-gas was regularly used by the Chinese for lighting purposes long before it was known among us. Hydropathy was generally practised by the Romans, who established baths wherever they went. Even chloroform is no new thing. The use of ether as an anesthetic was known to Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century; and in his works he gives a recipe for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin published his *Traite des Operations sans Douleur*, showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But the use of anesthetic is much older than Albertus Magnus or Papin; for the ancients had their nepenthe and madragora; the Chinese their mao, and the Egyptians their haichich (both preparations of Cannabis Indica), the effects of which in a great measure resemble those of chloroform. What is perhaps still more surprising is the circumstance that one of the most elegant of recent inventions, that of manipulating by the daguerrotype, was in the fifteenth century known to Leonardo da Vinci, whose skill as an architect and engraver, and whose accomplishments as a chemist and natural philosopher, have been almost entirely overshadowed by his genius as a painter. The idea, thus early born, lay in oblivion until 1760, when the daguerrotype was again clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, written by a certain Tiphaine de la Roche, under the anagrammatic title of *Gyphante*. Still later, at the beginning of the present century, we find Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt making experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver; and only within the last few months a silvered copper-plate has been found among the old household lumber of Matthew Boulton (Watt's partner,) having on it a representation of the old premises at Soho, apparently taken by some such process.

In like manner, the invention of the electric telegraph, supposed to be exclusively modern, was clearly indicated by Schwenter in his *De fundamentis Physico-Mathematicis*, published in 1658; and he there pointed out how two individuals could communicate with each other by

Memories de l'Academie des Sciences, 6 February, 1698.
Purser's Magazine, 1917, No. LXXI, 291.
Venus-Neuf, 1, 200; Inventio Nova-Antique, 261.

Venus-Neuf, 1, 19. See also *Inventio Nova-Antique*, 261.
Mr. Hallam, in his *Introduction to the History of Europe*, pronounced the following remarkable conclusion on this extraordinary genius: "If any doubt should be harbored, not only as to the right of Leonardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the sixteenth century, which is beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which probably no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made, it must be on a hypothesis not very unreasonable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which would be difficult to record." Unpublished MSS. by Leonardo contain discoveries and anticipations of discovery. "says Mr. Hallam, 'with the exception of a few pages, so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge.'"

The plate is now to be seen at the museum of Francis and Ruth Kensington. In the account which has been published of the above discovery it is stated that "an old man of ninety recently died or still alive) resident of Florence, that Watt and others used to take portraits of people in a dark (??) room; and there is a letter of the old man to Watt, suggesting the latter to Watt to do so from these experiments, as, were the process to succeed, it would retain portrait-painting."

means of the magnetic needle. A century later, in 1740, Le Monnier exhibited a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens at Paris, showing how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire one hundred and fifty fathoms in length; and in 1788 we find one Charles Marshall publishing a remarkable description of the electric telegraph in the *Scott's Magazine*, under the title of "An Experimental Method of conveying Intelligence." Again, in 1760, we find George Louis Leclerc, Professor of Mathematics at Geneva, publishing his invention of an electric telegraph, which he eventually completed and set to work in 1774. This instrument was composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separate from each other and enclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk mounted with a little ball of elder-wood suspended by a silk thread. When a stream of electricity, no matter how slight, was sent through the wire, the elder-ball at the opposite end was repelled, such movement designating some letter of the alphabet. A few years later, we find Arthur Young, in his *Travels in France*, describing a similar machine invented by a M. Lenoir, of Paris, the action of which he also describes. In these and similar cases, though the idea was born and the model of the invention was actually made, it still waited the advent of the scientific mechanical inventor who should bring it to perfection, and embody it in a practical, working form.

Some of the most valuable inventions have descended to us without the names of their authors having been preserved. We are the inheritors of an immense legacy of the results of labor and ingenuity, but we know not the names of our benefactors. Who invented the watch as a measure of time? Who invented the fast and loose pulley? Who invented the eccentric? Who, asks a mechanical inquirer, "invented the method of cutting screws with stocks and dies? Whoever he might be, he was certainly a great benefactor of his species. Yet (adds the writer) his name is not known, though the invention has been so recent." This is not, however, the case with most modern inventions, the greater number of which are more or less depicted. Who was entitled to the merit of inventing printing, has never yet been determined. Weber and Benselider both laid claim to the invention of lithography, though it was merely an old German art revived. Even the invention of the penny-postage system by Sir Rowland Hill is disputed; Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, claiming to be its inventor, and a French writer alleging it to be an old French invention. The invention of the steamboat has been claimed on behalf of Blaise de Gervais, a Spaniard; Papin, a Frenchman; Jonathan Hulls, an Englishman; and Patrick Miller of Dalwhinton, a Scotchman. The invention of the spinning-machine has been variously attributed to Paul Wyatt, Hargreaves, Hopley, and Arkwright. The invention of the balance-spring was claimed by Huyghens, a Dutchman; Huettenlocher, a Frenchman; and Hooke, an Englishman. There is scarcely a point of detail in the locomotive but is the subject of dispute. Thus, the invention of the blast-pipe is claimed for Trevithick, George Stephenson, Goldsworthy Gurney, and Timothy Hackworth; that of the tubular boiler, by Seguin, Stevens, Booth, and W. H. James; that of the link-motion, by John Gray, Hugh Williams, and Robert Stephenson.

16th October, 1787. In the evening to M. Lenoir, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, who has made an improvement of the penny for spinning cotton, and is said to make ten for a thread of certain fabric, but this I cannot say. In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery: you write two or three words on a piece of paper, he takes his ink, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pitfall; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment, and by means of remarking the corresponding motions of the ball writes down the words they indicate; from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance: within and without a besieged town, for instance; for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless, between two persons prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful.—*ARTHER YOUNG'S Travels in France in 1787*.—London, 1792, 8vo, ed., p. 65.

Mechanics Magazine, 6th February, 1850.
A writer in the *Mechanics Magazine* says: "The invention of the steam-engine is far from being so modern as is generally supposed. It is a machine which has been known since the year 1603, which has recently come to light, gives notice of the creation of pre-paid tickets to be used for Paris instead of money payments. These tickets were to be dated and attached to the letter or wrapped round it. In such a manner that the postman could remove and retain them on delivering the letter. These tickets were to be sold by the post-offices of the convents, prisons, colleges, and other public institutions, at the price of one sou."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Modern Lepers.

There are one or two features of modern Jerusalem that bring up to the visitor very vividly the life and miracles of Christ. Along the way-side, just outside the Jaffa gate, sit a number of lepers, suffering all the horrors of the loathsome disease. As the traveller passes she is implored by leprous hands outstretched toward him to give something, and the tone of voice in which it is asked is most sickening evidence of the inroads of the disease; their voices, which sound alike, are nearly gone, the only intelligible words being, "howadij, or traveller. Sometimes they call out 'hadji,' the Eastern word for 'pilgrim.' They live in Jerusalem, just by one of the gates, and are shunned by the other inhabitants.

The history of a wealthy French physician, who came to Jerusalem some years ago, with the purpose of healing these hopelessly afflicted creatures, is no doubt fresh in the memory of many readers. He supposed that he had discovered an infallible remedy, and at once came to the "Holy City" to test it. He was not, however, successful in helping the poor victims, not taking sufficient care, he, within three months, became himself contaminated, and died of the disease in its worst form. This zealous physician was a Latin Catholic, and bequeathed the bulk of his large fortune to various convents in Palestine.

The Siamese twins have each a house, a mile from the other. They live in each three days alternately, and each twin is boss in his own mansion, the other becoming for the time merely a silent partner. One has eight and the other nine children. The Nashville Telegraph inquires what Gen. Sherman would do if one were disloyal, and he'd be sent South, while the other remained loyal.

WHA? IN A NAME.—A gentleman in London advertises that he has changed his surname from "O'Flaherty" to "De Vere," and will in future be known as Albert Henry De Vere.

LOOKING AT THE LADIES.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

A cat may look at a king, they say; so I suppose a dog may look at a queen, and a man may look at Angliana. In fact he may be said to be expected to do so. England, as we know, expects every man to do his duty; and is not one part of it to look at Angliana? To what other end are the large bouquets and the small bouquets; the large crinolines and the small crinolines; the light blue, the light green, the light pink silks; the taffetas, the tulles, the fitted skirts, the passementerie, the corsage a la reine; the black, the bronze, and the purple boots; the tiny shoes with coquettish rosettes; the white, the red, and the striped stockings; the plain and the frilled—what am I going to say?—and the petticoats as many—in point of pattern—as the sand upon the sea-shore? Some men consider it not so much perhaps a duty as a privilege, or a right. Clericus (a pillar of the church with whom I have the honor of acquaintance) always struck me as taking the view of the matter which represents inspection of Angliana as a right. He is a divine whose character will bear the strictest investigation, so pray let us have no sty inuendoes; but he is very tenacious of his rights; he'll have his tithes, if he dies for it, both in other matters, and especially in the case of looking at Angliana. The consequence is that I have found it upon more than one occasion embarrassing to walk with him. For should we encounter Angliana, with her parasol held in that provoking fashion which conceals her face and leads you to suppose that either she is in a spiteful mood or isn't good-looking, or is or has been crying, or has a black upon her nose—that fashion, in fact, which pricks your curiosity almost beyond toleration—Clericus, to my horror, always drops a sort of courtesy, bends his long legs, ducks his great head, and endeavors to look under the parasol in search of his rights. His white tie, fortunately, conspicuously proclaims his holy office, and the solemnity of his countenance sufficiently indicates him from any charge of levity, and makes it abundantly clear that his extraordinary proceedings arise from a stern sense of justice, or I should tremble to think of the fate which might some day befall the reverend gentleman. Most men, however, will probably regard the matter under consideration as not so much a right as a duty and privilege. If Angliana condescends to show herself, a man should look to his heart's content and be thankful. For, first of all, it is a cheap sight, as most people count cheapness—that is to say, you pay no money for it. You may pay in other ways—such as heart-ache, sleeplessness, inability to help it, and so on—I don't say you don't; in fact, I should be inclined to say you do; but as a commercial people talks, it is cheap. There are very few places where you can see "a vision of fair women," even on canvas, lifeless, painted, daubed, garmented, for nothing. At the National Gallery and one or two other institutions you may, but they'll insist upon taking care of your umbrella for you, or invade you into buying a catalogue, or manage matters so that you don't get off without some sort of payment. But you may see Angliana in the flesh, unpainted, (very often,) smothered in garments, for nothing. If you wish to have your body completely at rest so as to stare at her with all your eyes and do nothing else, you may arrange that for a penny, or, at the most, twopenny. You have only to go to the "Drive" in Hyde Park, (where, according to the newspapers, the aristocracy and the plutocracy are in the habit of "taking an airing"—high-born or wealthy persons being, I suppose, naturally damp,) and sit down in one of the chairs, (made, apparently, out of old bird-cages,) enticingly placed against the railings just where the "Drive" is met by "Rotten Row." You may imagine at first that the chairs have been placed there by a paternal government for your gratuitous convenience, but when you have been seated long enough to imply tenancy, an affable but not aristocratic footman, dressed in the very depth of fashion, who has hidden where he has been hidden, or, peradventure, even from under the chairs, where he has lain concealed, and will demand of you, in a hollow voice, your money—to the extent of a penny or twopenny, according as you have chosen armed or unarmed accommodation—or your chair. Now I consider that a cheap rate at which to examine the points of your betters whilst they drive, or are driven, or ride, or walk, or lounge, a living exhibition, before you. The spectator always feels a certain superiority over the performer; and therefore, as you sit and watch Angliana performing (acting and performing are synonymous terms) in your presence, you feel inclined to patronise her, and wish it were etiquette to cry aloud, "Brava! green bonnet!" or, "sweetly smiled, blue bonnet!" or, "elegantly bowed, by Jove, yellow bonnet!" or, "finely posed, pink bonnet!" or, "archly glanced, white bonnet," or, "well hit, black bonnet," as she sends an eye-shaft clean through Mr. Swell's lovely waistcoat, or to throw a bouquet to the lovely nymph who blows her nose with such an exquisite grace. But if it is a cheap sight, it is also a pleasant one; it does you good, and refreshes you up; you almost feel as if a little of the splendor, and refinement, and beauty, were reflected upon yourself; and when the policeman unconsciously holds up his hand and checks the progress of the biggest carriage with the fattest horses and the plumpest coachman, and the tallest footmen, and the haughtiest Angliana, sitting statelyly all alone in one corner of the vehicle, to let you and your decrepit old grandmother pass securely over the road, you feel that you live in a free country, and that you are a man and—so far as Angliana is concerned, something more than—a brother. And yet you can't help thinking that, if it were not for the policeman, stately-looking Angliana would run over your body as unconcernedly as Tullia ran over her royal father's; for you haven't even the recommendation of kindred, let alone royalty. How touching, too, and how cheering to the hearts of the self-denying Bishops, who prance along with their wives and children (after the manner of St. Paul and the other Apostles) in their carriages and pairs, to see the literalness with which the Christian precepts are fulfilled by Christian, charitable, midnight-meeting-improving Angliana; now she comes forth adorned not with "brodered hair, and pearls, and costly array," but as a woman professing godliness with "good works" (wrought by Parisian models after the most approved Parisian fashions.) And seeing the glances which Angliana casts at Angliana, (better dressed than herself,) and hearing the remarks which she makes upon the other, a New Zealander would doubtless exclaim,

so the wonder-stricken husband of old, "how these Christians love one another!" For my part, I think the love is confined principally to the opposite sexes of Christians; and even then I doubt if there be much of it as there might be. But to return to the sight. Let me speak a few words of watching Angliana in the "grand vehicles" of the season, as of course you do, to see specimens of that kind which makes the very heart throb with delight, look not into the tall carriages with narrow windows, and impenetrable harness, and shadowed thine coachman, and gigantic horses, keeping a precarious footing upon a quivering floor by means of bell-ropes, whether they be open or open. For if they be closed, and you peer in, you will most likely discover two old grandmothers of high lineage, no doubt, and high cheek-bones, but vital of a mummy-like appearance, and swaying about with the motion of the vehicle in a manner suggestive of anything but sobriety, as only appearance, of course, but it looks bad. If they be open, you may sometimes see Venus in the flesh, but very seldom; it is usually Juno or Minerva, alone, proud, stern, stately, looking as if she never broke false motion except at sea-times, and occasionally she is accompanied by Angliana of the same stamp, whose hat must be a continual aggravation to rearward Tammies, and must tempt him grievously to "bommet" his "gown." Look not again at her who is driving that splendid pair of high-stepping ponies; she is fair indeed, but frail as fair; she is Anonyma and Anoneda; she is nameless, and shamelessly personified. But look into yonder comfortable, not too highly-poled open carriage, with the sleek-looking, steady-going, lacy-pacing country horses; there you shall see, most likely, roses and lilies fresh from the fields, come for the first time to lose their freshness in the gaseous atmosphere of "the Season." The mother looks half-jog, half-anxiety; but the daughters beam with unalloyed enjoyment, their faces are mobile, their tongues are busy, their smiles interminable, their laughter frequent. Or look into yonder brougham; it seems first of all a chaos of maulin, but soon you discover a play of feature, a flash of eye, a gleam of hair, a glitter of teeth, and a twinkle of smiles. It is the beauty that lurks in the quiet suburbs, that "keeps no carriage," that "seldom goes out." Aunt has crammed as much of it into her brougham as her brougham will hold; and you'll certainly acknowledge, as you gaze, that loveliness lingers in suburban haunts. Or peer into yonder hired fly (they call it a brougham, but it's really a fly) with the fleshy-bitten gray horse, and the driver who looks as private as he can. You see an old lady and two young ones—two rosy-buds, not yet burst into bloom. It's the Lady Principal and two young maidens from the "college" where they teach everything, from comportment to Chinese. The "brougham" is hired three times a week, and the young ladies are taken out by turns to learn how to "enter and leave a carriage," and how to behave themselves when they are in it. "Really, Miss Pills," says the Lady Principal, "if you smile as you look out of the window when a gentleman is attracted by you, you'll lay yourself open to misanthropic drive about in this place. I declare that impudent man is warring his handkerchief in this direction—Miss Pills—Miss Chandler—lean back both of you, I beg. Oh! I see—it must have been intended for that painted creature who has just driven past. You can resume your positions." So the pretty, eager, innocent faces peer forth again; and you feel as if the sunshine visited you. The Lady Principal, I am told, lays down rules for the exact time the foot must rest upon the step, both getting in and getting out; the amount of stocking to an inch, that must be shown; the number of shakos that must be given to the dress upon alighting; the height to which the dress must be raised in transit from the "brougham" up the steps, to the street-door; the mode of grasping the parasol so as best to display the gloved hand; and the angle at which the right elbow must be bent. In fact, the "drive" is, they tell me, a sort of examination; so that after returning home the Lady Principal has her companions into her private room, and addresses them after this fashion:—"Miss Pills, I'm very much pleased with you, my dear; your manner of entering and alighting from the brougham was admirable. It quite reminded me of the Countess of D—'s style; and as you settled your foot upon the step to alight, I observed a most aristocratic-looking gentleman so much struck that he positively turned round twice—which would have been rude had not the reason been so palpable. As for you, Miss Chandler, I must request you to learn by heart, and repeat to me before breakfast to-morrow morning, La Fontaine's fable, 'La Besace.' You managed to get your dress into a perfect huddle behind, and both upon entering and alighting I actually saw—how—you—fasten—your stockings. It is positively shocking!"

At railway stations also, you may see Angliana "cheap," and the prettiest kind of Angliana, too, for everybody must travel at some time, and must travel (in most cases) by rail. There is one strong objection, however, to this course: that if you are seen constantly loitering about railway stations, the police begin to suspect you, and connect you with the loss of any property which may be missed from the waiting-room or the platform; and if you gave the true explanation of your conduct, neither police nor police-magistrate, I fancy, would believe you; or the magistrate, if he did, would most likely desire that your friends should be communicated with, and requested to have an eye upon you. And yet I have heard of a man who used to haunt a railway station for a less satisfactory reason. He had retired from business, and having nothing to do, used to meet every train which stopped at his village, but when he was asked his reason for it, he could give none more satisfactory than that he had "seen a Dook once." Now, I would far rather see Angliana than a Royal "Dook," especially if she were like either of two sylphs I saw the last time I took a "cheap sight," in green bonnets, and who made me sing—

Green grow the bonnets, oh!
Green grow the bonnets, oh!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amongst the—*etc.* R. B.

A model certificate is the following:—"Dear Doctor, I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years have been an invalid, unable to step except when moved with a lever. But a year ago I heard of your granular cure. I bought a bottle, moist the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a half in an hour, and throw nineteen cornucopias without stopping. No family should be an hour without the Granular Broom."

EXTRA ATTENTION TO STRANGERS
DURING THE SANITARY FAIR.
 Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
 Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
 Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
 Full stock of BLACK SILKS.
EYRE & LANDELL,
 400 ARCH Street.
 MAR 12-17

Do YOU WANT LUXURIAINT WHISKERS
OR MUSTACHE?—My OINGUENT will
cause them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the
natural base,) without stain or injury to the skin.
Price \$1.—sent by mail, post free, to any address,
upon receipt of an order.
R. G. GRANAIR,
109 Nassau street, New York City.

taken on moderate terms. Jan 2-17

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE

enlarging objects 500 times, mailed for 35 cents.
in different powers for \$1.00. Also, the DO-
LENS POCKET MICROSCOPE for 75 Cts.

Address F. P. BOWEN,
Box 390, Boston, Mass.

ended that I have ever used. For sudden attack of
pup it is invaluable. I have no hesitation in re-
commending it for all the uses it professes to cure. I
have sold it for many years, and it gives entire satis-
faction.
CHAS. H. TRIMNER.
QUAKERTOWN, N. J., May 6, 1859.
Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Box, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. jyl-2 Snow

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER,
No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W.
YOFT & SONS, No. 939 North Second street,
Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medi-
cines. [Sd-Stow



WIT AND HUMOR.

Business of Course.

There are certain things in this world which have been turned out in the same way, that naturally comes of their running in any other. In short, they are not down to "matters of course." For example:

When a bank suspends specie payments, it is always done for the public good, as a matter of course.

If the said bank becomes irretrievably insolvent, and is forced to liquidate its affairs, the directors publish a card stating that the assets are amply sufficient to pay everything, as a matter of course.

People who put any degree of confidence in such statements are always deceived and disappointed, as a matter of course.

When a man commits a murder, or a forgery, and is detected and tried, he is proved to be insane, as a matter of course.

When a fire occurs, whether it proves destructive of property or not, it is the work of an incendiary, as a matter of course.

When two locomotives come into collision on a railroad, destroying each other, knocking half a dozen cars to pieces, killing a dozen passengers, and wounding twice as many more, the public are promised full information concerning the cause, as a matter of course.

When such information comes, if at all, it exculpates everybody from blame, as a matter of course.

When a quick medicine is invented, it is tremendously puffed, as a matter of course.

But everybody who believes one-half that is stated of its wonderful virtues, gets egregiously humbugged, as a matter of course.

Every man of intelligence and common sense is a subscriber to a newspaper, and, if he is honest, he pays his subscription punctually, as a matter of course.

Managing a Husband.

"How do you manage your husband, Mrs. Croaker? Such a job as I have of it with Smith."

"Easiest thing in the world, my dear; give him a twitch backward when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a loaf of cake to make."

"Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pantry room, my soul need be there too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things all the while."

Now, Croaker has a way of tagging round at my heels, and bringing me plump down in the midst of my aerial flights, by asking me the price of sugar I am using."

"Well, you see, it drives me frantic; and when I woke up this morning, and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right; so I told him that I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death this weather; that if he was not capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days, and that I wanted him to stay home and talk with me; at any rate he mustn't go out, and I hid his umbrella and India-rubbers. Well, of course he was right up, (just as I expected!) and in less than ten minutes was streaking down the street at the rate of ten miles an hour."

"You see there's nothing like understanding human nature; no woman should be married till she is thoroughly posted up in this branch of education."

Diplomatic Doctor.

Some years ago a celebrated doctor, a great admirer of music, was visiting the South, and was pestered in society. A fashionable lady friend of his had two pretty daughters, who had just finished their education at a "boarding school" in Philadelphia. Our friend, the doctor, was invited to dine and hear the girls play upon the piano. He was asked for his favorite tune, and he requested the fair performer to play Duke of York's March. It was performed, but with such grand flourishes and variations that he saw or heard but little or any of Duke of York's March in it. He was again asked for his preference. Thinking that he was misunderstood in the first instance, he again said in a little louder voice, "Duke of York's March, madam!"

It was again performed as at first, but he still could not make it out his favorite, the Duke of York's March. Upon being called upon the third time, he spoke very loud: "Duke—of—York's—March!"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "the Duke of York's March has been played twice for you."

"Well, well," said the doctor, with great coolness, "the young ladies have played it so well I should be delighted to hear it a third time!"

"Hanno, am you posted in the natural sciences?"

"Oh course I is; sartingly."

"Then can you tell me the cause of the great blight in potatoes for the last ten years?"

"Oh! dat's easy enough. It's all owing to the rot-later-y motion ob de earth."

Queer Trials.

A sow, in 1403, killed and devoured a child in Mendan. All the forms of trial followed, and here is the bill of costs:—

"Expenses of the sow within goal, six sols."

"Expenses of the executioner, who came from Paris by order of our master the Bailly, and the procureur du roi, fifty-four sols."

"Expenses for carriage of sow to execution, six sols."

"Expenses for cord to bind and drag her, two sols, eight deniers."

"Expenses for 'pau' (sic) two deniers."

"Pigs were tried and burnt for assaulting or killing children, and horses also for killing people; as one was at Dijon, in 1808, for killing its master. Bertrand Chausse, President of the Parliament of Provence, defended the rats who were indicted, even so late as the beginning of the sixteenth century. In a work which he published in 1581, he decides that animals are amenable to trial; and gives accounts of indictments against May-bugs and snails at Avignon and Lyons, and of the celebrated 'Cause des Rats,' in which he was counsel for the defendants. A treatise was published, even so late as 1668, by Gaspard Bailly, a lawyer of Chambery, on legal proceedings against animals, with forms of indictments and modes of pleading."

Such trials have taken place in England also. An account of one of these trials, of a dog, was published in a pamphlet; from which it appears that the trial took place near Chichester in 1771, and that the chief actors in it were four country



FAUCON.—"Well, Tommy, and so you like your little Cousin Philip, do you; and how old do you think he is?"

Tommy.—"Well, I don't exactly know; but I should think he was rather old, for he blows his own name!"

gentlemen named Butler, Aldridge, Challen and Bridger. A clever burlesque of this trial was written by Edward Long, Esq., Judge of the Admiralty Court in Jamaica; but it was founded on fact. Such proceedings appear strange to us, and may seem unaccountable; but they were, after all, but a grave and formal mode of proceeding, for the end which is attained in our days by a more summary process—the destruction of animals who have been the cause of death, or serious injury to man. In this country, nothing of this kind has taken place. If the animal be dangerous, we kill him without ceremony.

Napoleon Seized by a Clock.

The course of victory continued incessantly, and so early as October 25, Napoleon wrote from Potsdam to Joseph, "I will crush the Russians when they arrive, and I do not fear the Austrians." In the royal palace he found everything just as the legitimate owners had left it. No extraordinary was the prevailing stupidity that no attempt had been made to save the private papers of the royal family, and Napoleon was able to examine the letters of Queen Louise. In the study of Frederick the Great, at Sans Souci, he had, or affected to have, an attack of reverence. "Gentlemen," he said to his suite, as he took off his hat, "this is a spot that merits our respect." But he yielded to the vanity of sending the sword of the mighty dead as a trophy to Paris; and when the Prussians asked for it back in 1814, it came out that Jerome had been so dishonorable as to have the revered relic destroyed.

On one of the nights that Napoleon spent at Charlottenburg, his slumbers were disturbed. The divine comedy of history has also comic interludes. In Frederick William's dining-room, close to the conqueror's bed-chamber, there stood a large musical clock, which admirably imitated a band of trumpets. At midnight the row began; trumpets echoed through the palace; the servants, the adjutants, Napoleon himself, leaped out of bed, and every one believed in a surprise. But soon everything was quiet again, and no one could make out where the trumpets were. Sentinels were posted, a part of the adjutants remained up, and at one o'clock there was the same row again, this time in one of the rooms. They rushed in, and the innocent clock was detected before the tune was ended. Napoleon the Great, the emperor of the Prussian monarchy, sleeping in the palace of the Queen of Prussia, and frightened by a musical clock.

CAT AND DOG LIFE.—The account which an "Old Maid" gives of her cat and dog is so entertaining that I am tempted to offer to you a little bit of personal experience in the ways of cats and dogs. I have known several cats and dogs living together, always in the greatest harmony. There is a pussy which drolls with two dogs, and agrees with both, although they are very rough in their play, and one of them is a bull-terrier; she not only eats off the same dish, with the utmost complacency, but absolutely sits on them, and goes to sleep on their backs, to which, as she is yet young and light, they do not object. Sometimes she is very frisky, and plays with the dogs, taking refuge in a tree or on a table when her companions become too violent; she prefers the bull-terrier, and makes no secret of her preference, which evidently flatters him, as he will submit with the most remarkable patience to her habit of scratching until she inflicts such intolerable pain that he is obliged to utter a cry of distress. Puss, unlike an "Old Maid's" favorite, is not a clever animal, and never does anything worthy of chronicling, beyond the fact that she is an excellent mouster. A canine friend of mine, used to make a favorite of a cat, and petted her kittens so much that whenever he found them straying, he would take them in his mouth and carry them to the maternal bed. Whenever the children had the kittens, he would sit on his hind-legs, begging to have them given him.—E. C. C.

JEWISH WOMEN.—The Jewish maiden of fifteen, with her wonderful black eyes, warm olive complexion and pouting lips, is truly a charming creature; but the rapid way in which this little graceful form and beautiful features become enshrouded under layer after layer of fat, as soon as she is out of her teens, makes one stand twice in awe of Israelitish matronhood. A year or two at that critical age makes such a change, even in a Hebrew Venus, that I think some allowance was to be made, after all, for the cooling down of Eve's passion for Rebecca.—Chandler's Journal.

Anecdote of Lord Palmerston.

Dumas is responsible for the following:—"Some months before my departure for Spain, I was with Victor Hugo, at a grand evening reception given by the Duc Decazes, at the Luxembourg. Lord Palmerston came to this reception. The Duke presented to him the political personages who swarmed in his saloon. But, as we were only poets and romance-writers, the presentation of Victor Hugo and myself was forgotten. We consoled ourselves by chatting away a portion of the evening in a corner of the saloon. It appeared that Lord Palmerston had inquired who were the two misanthropes beings that thus chatted together; they had told him our names, but not being presented, English etiquette positively forbade him to address a word to us. This was what occurred. Our two arm-chairs—that of Victor Hugo and mine—were touching each other.

"The Duc de G— came to me and said: 'I do not know what is Lord Palmerston's object, but he wishes that for a moment you should sit upon the arm-chair which is to your right, and thus have vacant the one upon which you are at present sitting.'

"I was satisfied to salute Lord Palmerston from my place, and to do as he desired. Lord Palmerston then arose and took Lady Palmerston by the hand, and led her with marked solemnity to the vacant chair, seated her, and pointed with his finger to the clock.

"My lady," said he, 'have the kindness to tell me the hour.'

"It is a quarter past eleven, my lord."

"Well, my lady, replied his lordship, 'always remember, that at a quarter past eleven in the evening of this day, you have had the honor of being seated between Messrs. Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas, who are two of the first literary characters of France; an honor which, during your life, you may never have again. Come, my lady.'

"My lady arose, and, with the same solemnity as she came, he reconducted her to her place, without addressing to either of us a single word."

At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a paper by M. Loir was sent in by the Minister of the Interior, in which the author endeavored to show that a quantity of electricity was produced in large factories, and might be turned to account by means of the straps which generated it by their friction, in communicating motion to the machinery.

Gen. Kilpatrick, the cavalry leader, is described as a rather slender, wiry, active looking man, whom his men call Kil-cavalry, for making them work as never before.

Louis Napoleon has become so corpulent that his figure is quite short and rotund, giving him, with his long nose, a strong resemblance to Punch.

AGRICULTURAL.

Agricultural Croakers Rebuked.

As the farmer, of all men, seems nearest to God in his works, he should be the most faithful and the most confiding. But it has been said—though it may be slanderously—that of all men they are the greatest croakers, and have the least hope and faith. It is too wet or too dry—there is too much or too little produced. If too little, it does not pay, at prices ever so high; if too much, the crops will not reward the harvest. There are worms and birds, bugs and mill-dew, and diseases to cattle and vines, named and unknown, that are present or anticipated. There is a story told of an eccentric lawyer, Burgess, who was famous in his village for his skeptical notions and also for his wit. He was once listening to a group of farmers—pious men lingering about the church-door, as is the custom in the country—to talk of the bad weather, the dry, the rot, the drought and the wet, when one turned to Burgess, and asked, "How comes on your garden?"

"I never plant anything," replied Burgess, with a solemn face; "I am afraid to put even a potato in the ground."

"It's no wonder," groaned one of the most comely pious persons present. "It's no wonder, for a man who believes in rottings could not expect to have his labors blessed."

"I am not afraid of falling in my reward for my work," replied Burgess, "but I am afraid

that agricultural labor will make me prodigal. If I planted a single potato, what should be the result? Why, I should get up in the morning, and look about me and growl—'It's going to rain, and it will ruin my potatoes.' Then, in any weather I should expect the drought will kill my potatoes; then I should be unhappy because the rot might destroy my potatoes; in fact, gentlemen," concluded Burgess, in a solemn manner, "I should be afraid to do anything that would induce me constantly to distrust Providence."—Newburyport Herald.

PEAS WITH POTATOES.—When planting your potatoes, drop from six to eight peas in each hill, or if in a row, every three or four inches a single pea. In this way a crop may be raised at very small expense. As the peas start early in the season, they will be sufficiently advanced to be out of the way by the time the potatoes are large enough to hoe. Peas raised in this way generally suffer less from the attacks of the bug or fly; the crop will also be much purer or free from extraneous matters, which are an injury to the peas, whether designed for market or for domestic use. The large marrowfat pea is perhaps the best variety that can be selected for this mode of cultivation. It yields well, is highly edible, and commands a remunerative price in the market. Where the soil is rich, it exhibits an incorrigible tendency to produce an exorbitant quantity of haulm, with few pods and few perfectly developed peas. Planted with potatoes, these habits are reversed.—Ger. Tel.

HOW TO STOP A LEAKY ROOF.—This recipe is rather late for this season, but it is easy to remember, so I will write it while I think of it. Cover the roof with canvass of some kind, boll coal tar till it lays still in the kettle; make a swab of a piece of sheepskin with wool on, and swab the tar on hot; give it two coats and the job is done. I had a roof that leaked, four years ago last fall; I simply covered it with drilling, and the next fall I swabbed two-thirds of it with pine or common tar, and the other third, as an experiment, I covered with coal tar as above; the result was that the part covered with pine tar, all rotted and came off in one year, while that portion covered with coal tar, is apparently as good as ever.—A. Clark, in Cal. Farmer.

BUGS OR VINES.—Every spring numerous inquiries are made how to protect vines from bugs. I am not troubled with any. Whether it is accidental or the result of my practice I wish my readers to determine this spring. When a boy of ten or twelve, I had my little garden under my own care. My grandfather taught me that if I wished healthy vines, to soak my seed from twelve to twenty-four hours in wood soot and water.

After having been away from the farm for some years, I am, for the last four years, back again, and remembering the advice given me when I was a boy, I have soaked my seed and raised splendid vines, entirely free from bugs.—Cur. Country Gentleman.

SPECIMENS OF WOOL.—Some valuable hints are given by the Rural New-Yorker, on the proper way of taking and preserving specimens of wool. They should be carefully cut off close to the skin with a sharp knife or pair of scissors—never pulled out by the outer end. They should not be stretched a particle, which injures the crimp; and especially they should not be drawn through the fingers which destroys both crimp and lustre. It is better not to handle them at all. They preserve their natural softness and gloss much better done up in oiled silk, or tea-chest lead, than in paper. They yellow less if kept from the air.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CHINESE CEMENT.—Pulverised flint glass, ground well with the white of an egg, will make a cement for china impossible to break.

SOAP.—Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using it, as it spends fast when it is new.

ALKALINE STAINS.—These are the opposite of acid stains—they change vegetable blues to green, red to violet, green to yellow, yellow to brown, and annatto to red. They are to be treated with acids. The writer once had a new pair of dark cloth pantaloons changed to a light brown below the knees, by riding on a load of fresh lime in a storm. "Oh! you have ruined your clothes!" was the exclamation; but he deliberately procured a cup of vinegar, and sponged the cloth gradually, completely restored the color, and then again sponged off the compound, left them as good as before.

NEVERUSE.—To select nettles, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—Take one tablespoonful of brandy, one of soft soap, and one of treacle. Mix thoroughly together; place the ribbon upon a smooth board, and apply the mixture with a soft brush; after which rinse in cold water, then roll up in a cloth until nearly dry; iron with a flatiron, not too hot.

RICE CAKES.—Have ready nine fresh eggs, 1-2 pound of ground rice, 1-3 pound of flour, 1-3 pound of powdered loaf-sugar, the rind of one lemon, a little orange flower-water, and some caraway seeds. Beat the eggs thoroughly, and then mix in the sugar, the rice, the flour, and the caraway seeds, thickly or sparsely according to fancy. Grate in the peel of a lemon, and beat the batter, until the beating has gone on for an hour from the time of first beating up the eggs. This time may be increased, but it must not be shortened, and the batter must be immediately divided into little cakes, and placed in the oven.

ANOTHER RECIPE.—Sweetener cakes of the same kind may be made by following the same instructions, using the following proportions in the ingredients—6 oz. of ground rice, 6 oz. of flour, 1 pound of powdered loaf-sugar, nine eggs, caraway seeds, &c. I prefer the first recipe, as I do not think excessive sweetness an improvement to little cakes, but this, of course, is only a matter of taste; some persons like things of the kind to be very sweet.

GAUFRES.—The necessary ingredients are six new-laid eggs 1-2 pound of fresh butter, 1-2 pint of cream, 1-3 pound of flour, a little yeast, and the rind of a lemon. Beat up the yolks of six eggs, with the butter, and add the cream, the yeast, a teaspoonful of yeast, a little salt, a little rose-water, and the grated rind of one lemon. Mix all by beating up the batter thoroughly, and set it in a warm place, to rise, for an hour. Whisk up the whites of the six eggs and mix them with the batter, and bake the gaufres over a slow stove until they are crisp.

THE RIDDLES.

Enigmas.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 125 letters.

My 60, 68, 104, 74, 80, 125, is a town in Jewish theology.

My 1, 6, 22, 27, 30, 70, 12, 117, 124, 121, was a name of distinction given to the disciples of Ovidius.

My 2, 29, 32, 54, 119, 124, 16, 60, 102, 64, 45, 92, 124, 84, was the name of a sect which sprung out of the Erythraians.

My 104, 62, 124, 79, 11, 80, 17, 82, 114, 41, was a secret society founded May 1st, 1774.

My 49, 2, 14, 45, 51, 27, 22, 24, 10, 51, was a denomination of Calvinistic dissenters.

My 132, 127, 90, 27, 102, 21, 8, 71, 26, 80, 108, 51, was a sect of ancient heretics.

My 54, 2, 125, 22, 54, 65, 47, 55, 112, 80, 51, was a religious order of monks founded in 1148.

My 2, 19, 82, 9, 89, 49, 106, 89, 129, 17, 51, was a religious order of monks founded in 1209.

My 14, 100, 22, 14, 40, 15, 41, 37, 37, 106, was a denomination of the third century.

My 104, 2, 25, 120, 51, 89, 49, 65, 108, 51, was a denomination of heretics of the third century.

My 2, 29, 22, 52, 4, 114, 70, 121, 78, 51, was a sect of the sixth century.

My 54, 67, 83, 7, 4, 64, 5, 153, 26, 100, 17, 51, was a sect of the second century.

My 25, 44, 13, 86, 75, was the great-grandchild of Shem.

My 48, 111, 16, 19, 31, 6, was a country on the north-east of Canada.

My 32, 82, 56, 5, 40, was the son of Jesse.

My 68, 67, 3, 53, 82, 8, was a city twelve miles from Samaria.

My 116, 99, 45, 75, 78, 9, was a city twenty-two miles south of Jerusalem.

My 122, 64, 83, 13, 118, 17, was a city in Syria.

My 51, 89, 81, 46, 61, 10, 49, 72, 73, 7, 83, 110, 22, 31, 17, 51, was a denomination of the sixteenth century.

My 120, 90, 83, 101, 107, 1, 39, is a kind of fish.

My 113, 94, 19, 53, was a synod which met in the year 1618.

My 77, 67, 42, 95, 60, 31, 6, 1, 51, 37, 108, was a denomination which sprung up in the year 1598.

My whole is an old proverb.

Pittsburg, Pa. GEO. IRWIN.

Miscellaneous Enigmas.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 21, 16, 5, 23, 12, is a General of the present war.

My 16, 7, 27, 12, 19, 8, was an English poet.

My 4, 7, 6, is a boy's nickname.

My 22, 17, 25, is a part of the head.

My 18, 11, 5, 24, is a month.

My 18, 7, 10, 1, 7, 14, is a girl's name.

My 9, 2, 26, 20, is what the rebels now have.

My whole is a celebrated General of the present war.

Jackson, Mich. BUNK.

Charade.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first belongs to the alphabet,

And leads off bold and free;

My second is a kind of cake

That's often used at tea.

My third, where finger happy bands

Within the lighted hall,

Makes up, as music fills the air,

A joyous festival.

My whole a rich supply bestows,

And holds grim war at bay.

Kind reader, may his blessings rest

Forever round thy way.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

Remove my 1st, and the remainder is the cause of wind.

Remove my 1st and 2d, and the remainder is what every one does.

Remove my 1st, 2d and 3d, and the remainder is a proposition.

My whole is a grain.

Norristown.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—The least fraction which, when expanded as a decimal, will give the digits (except 8) all in their regular order.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required to find, the least quantity of sheet-lead of 1-5th of an inch thick to make a cistern to contain 85 gallons of ale measure, where the length, breadth and thickness are in arithmetical proportion.

GILL BATES.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

What kind of food is most proper at funeral dinners? Ana—Lam' and 'laters (lamentations).

When is an umbrella like a person convalescent? Ana—When it is re-covered.

Why would two carried pick-a-back by their father be equal in all respects? Ana—Because they would be upon a par (pa).

Why are thieves particularly lucid? Ana—Because they display the greatest perspicacity.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—